TALES DESIGNED TO CARRY AN...

IMPACT

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

NO. 1
APRIL

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Introducing a

"NEW DIRECTION"

IN MAGAZINES...

AN ENTIRELY NOVEL AND UNIQUE KIND OF READING EXPERIENCE!

This magazine, "IMPACT," is the first of five E.C. "New Direction" publications. And to it, your Editors have entrusted a cherished tradition here at E.C.

When our old "New Trend" magazines first appeared on the newsstands throughout the country back in late '49 and early '50, their popularity was immediately acclaimed. Sales zoomed. We at E.C. had struck at the hearts of the Comic reading public. But the question was: How? Success is a strange prenomenon. There is no formula. What is a fad today is passé tomorrow. What had we at E.C. done to merit the marvelous support you, our readers, gave us and continued to give us?

The answer, to our way of thinking, was that we respected you, our public! We respected your tastes, your judgment, your standards, and, above all, your intelligence. We tried something new in comics. We used only the best art work available. We used the clearest lettering. And, most important, we wrote what we felt were stories worthy of being read. We plotted carefully. We developed the "Caption-Balloon" method of narration. And, because we ourselves had always liked it, we tried, wherever possible, to include a "surprise" or "snap" ending to each story.

The end products were magazines that entertained you. We know you liked them because you bought them, month after month, year after year, continually giving E.C. the highest percentage sales in Independent Distribution.

Even as time went on, and the subject matter of some of our old "New Trend" magazines became a topic of debate, criticism, and censure, the quality standards we had set in the beginning were diligently adhered to.

Now, many of our old "New Trend" magazines are dead, voluntarily buried by William Gaines, their publisher, in response to public opinion.

But it was not the standards of entertainment we'd set in those magazines that were buried . . . merely the subject matter! The policy of giving you the very best art work and the very best stories humanly possible will continue in our "New Direction" mags.

And to our very first effort . . . to "Impact" . . . we have entrusted our most cherished tradition . . . THE SURPRISE ENDING! Yes, "Impact" will be a magazine devoted to the unexpected outcome, the twist, the snap wind-up. And into these "Impact" stories will be entwined another tradition at E.C. . . . EMOTION. We hope to stir your deepest feelings with these stories of pathos, tragedy, comedy, love and hate . . . the whole gamut of human emotions.

As is also traditional at E.C., we, the Editors, for this first issue, have taken over what in the future will be *your* space . . . *your* letter page in "Impact." Write us and tell us what you think. Criticize, compliment, suggest. You're our guide. We want, as always, to please *you!* We'll print all of your letters that we can in "The Punch Bowl" in our third issue. Thanks for listening.

The Editors
Impact
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New York City 12, N. Y.

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TOUGH COP

MASSIVE! THAT IS A CLASSY WORD FOR A PLAINCLOTHES COP I KNOW WHO GOES BY THE MONIKER OF FRANK MONAHAN AND IS SIX FOOT TWO AND HAS GOT A BUILT LIKE A BRICK ROUNDHOUSE WITH SHOULDERS SO BROAD IT LOOKS LIKE HE HAS GOT ANOTHER GUY WITH HIM IN HIS OVERCOAT. TO TOP IT ALL OFF, HE HAS GOT THIS BIG, THICK HEAD AND A LANTERN JAW WHICH LOOKS LIKE THE FRONT END OF A STEAMROLLER. IN FACT, THAT IS AN *ACCURATE DESCRIPTION* OF FRANK MONAHAN: A *WALKING STEAMROLLER!* AND *TOUGH?!* THIS MONAHAN IS THE *TOUGHEST COP* IN THE *71ST PRECINCT*, WHICH IS WHERE I SPEND MANY QUIET EVENINGS SLEEPING OFF HAPPY IMBIBING. IF YOU DO NOT CARE TO TAKE *MY* WORD FOR IT, YOU ARE AT LIBERTY TO INQUIRE *FURTHER*. ASK *ANYBODY!* ASK THE DOLLY SISTERS... I MEAN, THE *OFFICERS*... PARKED AT THE CURB IN THE PROWL CAR...

THERE GOES *OLD IRONPANTS MONAHAN*... INTO *NICK'S DINER*. IMAGINE HIM EATING *REGULAR FOOD* LIKE *EVERYBODY ELSE?* I WOULD HAVE THOUGHT HE'D GO DOWN TO THE *IRONWORKS* FOR A DISH OF *RIVETS!*
KELLY, I DO NOT KNOW *WHO* IS *MORE SCARED* OF MONAHAN... THE *MUGS* HE BRINGS IN, OR *US BOYS* AT THE PRECINCT!
EAT
NER

SEE WHAT I *MEAN?* THIS MONAHAN HAS GOT HIMSELF A *REPUTATION*. LISTEN FURTHER...

YOU ARE NOT *KIDDING*, O'ROURKE! THIS MORNING I AM COMING INTO THE LOCKER ROOM FEELING CHIPPER, AND THERE IS MONAHAN READY TO WALK OUT. SO *I* SAY, "*NICE MORNING*, MONAHAN!", AND *HE GRUNTS* AND GIVES TO ME SUCH A *HARD ICY STARE*, IT MAKES *ME* FEEL LIKE I DID SOMETHING I SHOULD BE *ASHAMED OF* AND *SPOILS MY WHOLE DAY!*
ENOUGH CHATTER, KELLY. *DUTY CALLS!* LEAVE US LEAVE...

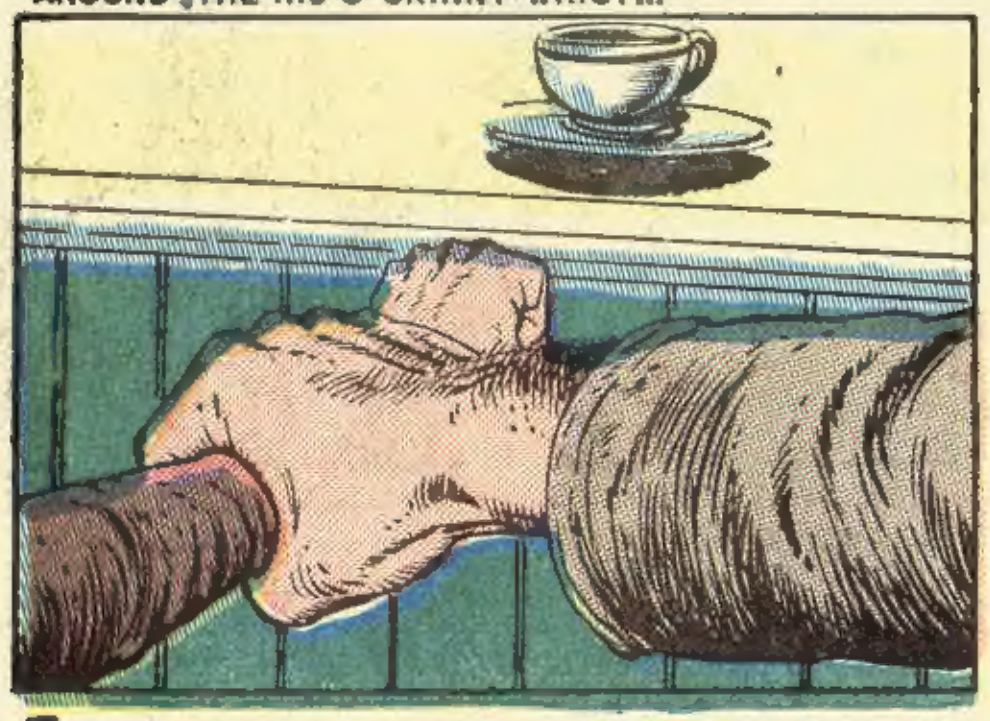
NOW THAT YOU ARE ACQUAINTED WITH THE KIND OF A GUY FRANK MONAHAN IS REPUTED TO BE, LEAVE US SEE HIM IN ACTION. THERE IS HIMSELF IN NICK'S, SITTING ON A STOOL, AND LOOKING AT ALL THE FACES LIKE HE IS ACHING TO PUNCH ONE AND IS TRYING TO PICK WHICH. AND NOW HE SEES THIS KID, WHO IS ABOUT TEN, WITH HIS NOSE PRESSED UP AGAINST THE WINDOW OUTSIDE...

WELL, MONAHAN LOOKS AT WHAT THE KID IS LOOKING AT, AND HE SEES THAT THE DRAWER OF NICK'S CASH REGISTER, WHICH IS AT ONE END OF THE COUNTER, IS WIDE OPEN BECAUSE IT IS THE LUNCHEON HOUR AND NICK IS TOO BUSY SERVING SLOP TO CLOSE IT...

MONAHAN TAKES ALL THIS IN WITH ONE SHARP-EYED GLANCE: THE PLACE IS CROWDED WITH GUYS AND DOLLS FEEDING THEIR FACES OR WAITING TO DO SAME AND NICK IS AT THE STOVE, COOKING, AND THE KID IS SNEAKING IN, HIS EYES SHIFTY-LIKE...

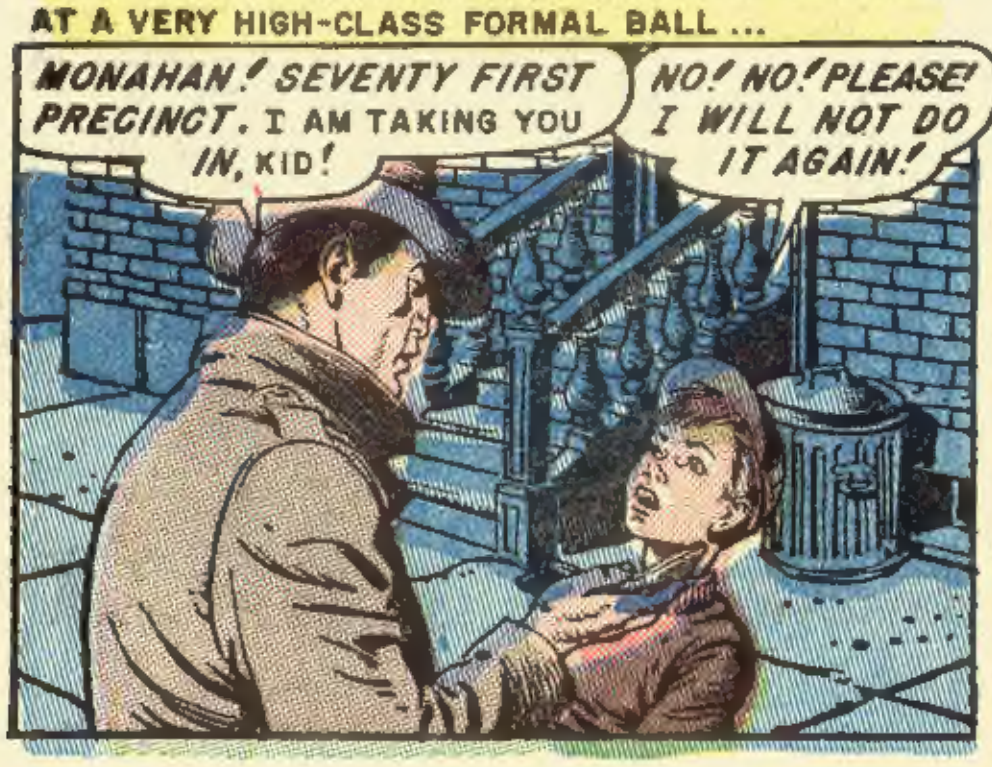
THEN, MONAHAN SEES THE KID'S GRIMY PAW COME FROM BEHIND THE END OF THE COUNTER LIKE A HUNGRY SNAKE AND DIVE INTO THE OPEN CASH DRAWER AND GRAB A MITTFUL OF QUARTERS...

NOW, YOU WOULD NOT THINK THAT A BIG OX LIKE MONAHAN COULD *MOVE* SO FAST AND SO QUIET, BUT IN NO TIME FLAT, THAT BIG HAM OF HIS IS WRAPPED AROUND THE KID'S SKINNY WRIST...



THE KID'S FACE GOES AS WHITE AS NICK'S APRON ... WHITER, EVEN, BECAUSE NICK'S APRON IS OFTEN SPOTTED WITH THE SLOP HE SERVES. MONAHAN GETS A FIRM GRIP ON THE KID'S SHOULDERS AND DOESN'T EVEN UTTER A PEEP, BUT STEERS HIS PRISONER OUT OF THE DOOR INTO THE STREET...

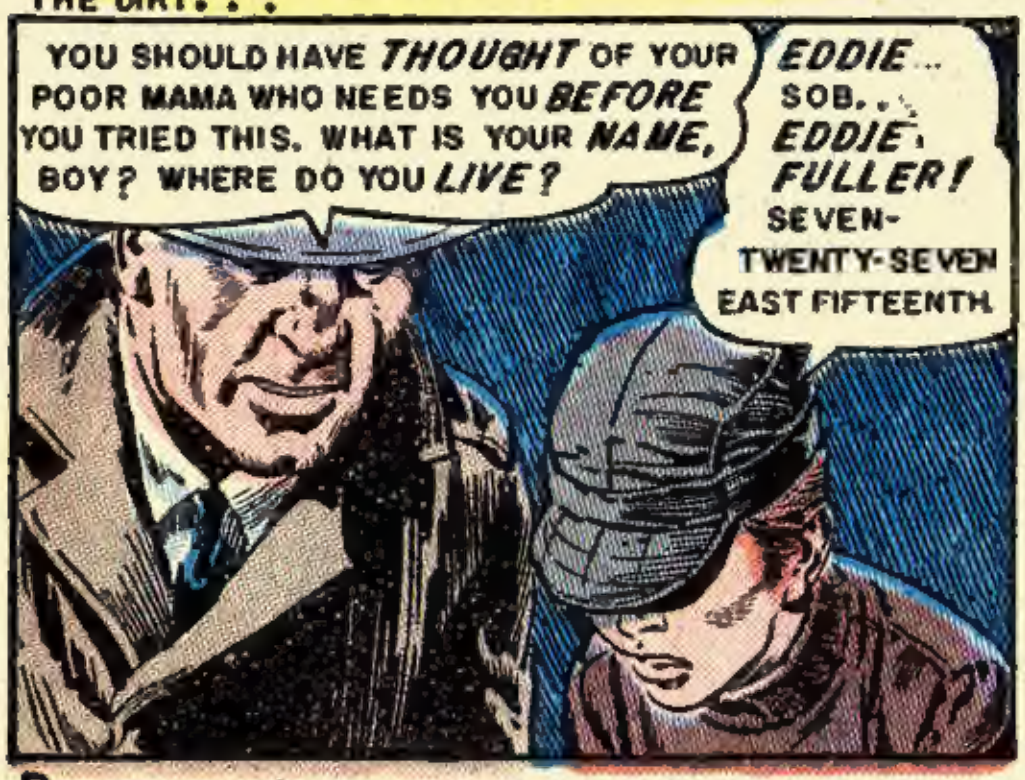
THEN MONAHAN FLASHES HIS BADGE AT THE TREMBLING KID AND ANNOUNCES, LIKE HE IS A DOORKEEP AT A VERY HIGH-CLASS FORMAL BALL ...



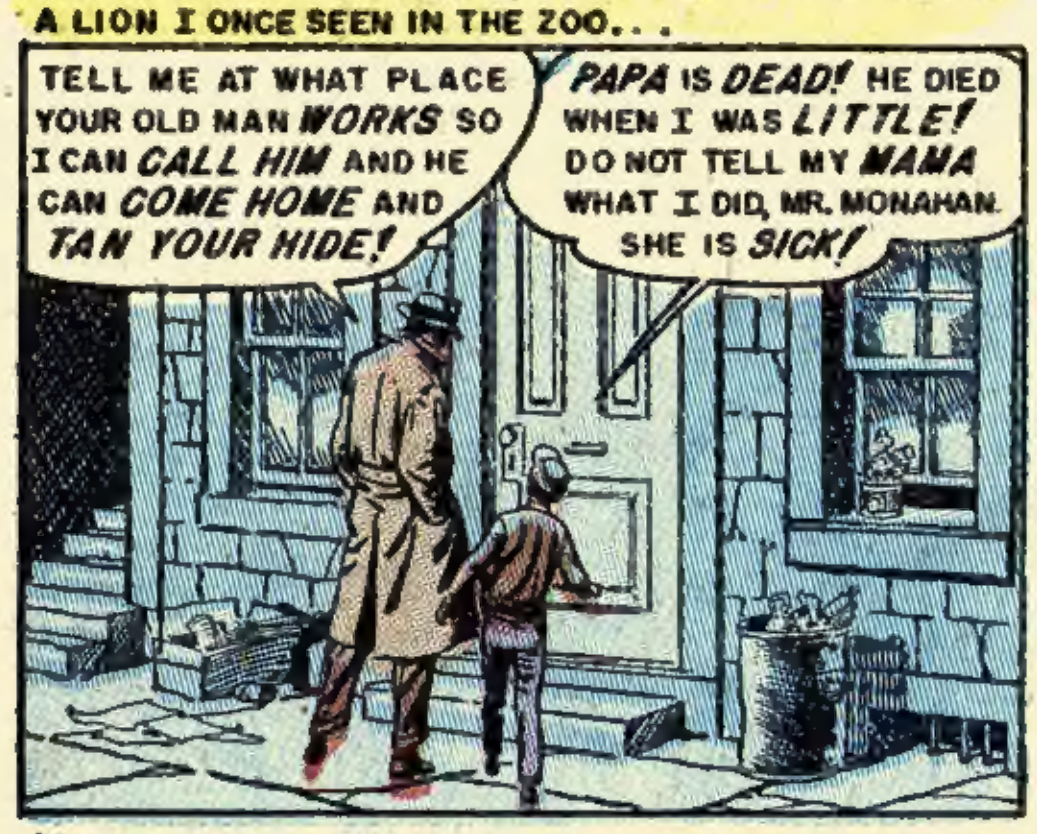
THE KID IS TRYING HARD NOT TO BAWL AND THE BIG, TOUGH FLATFOOT SEES THE KID'S RAGGEDY CLOTHES. BUT THIS DOES NOT PHASE HIM. HE DOES NOT LET UP...

YOU ARE A LITTLE THIEF, AND A STRETCH IN THE REFORM SCHOOL WILL DO YOU MUCH GOOD!
PLEASE, MISTER... CHOKE... I MUST GET BACK TO MY MAMA WHO NEEDS ME!
2

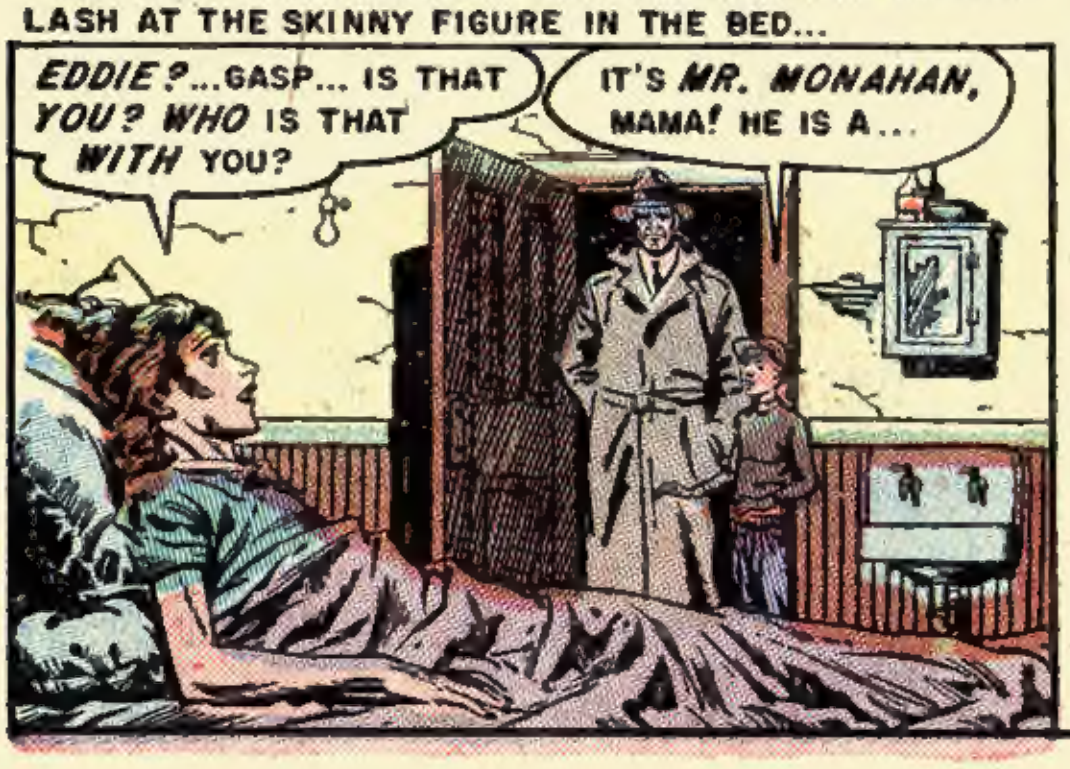
THEN, THE DAM BUSTS OPEN AND THE TEARS START FLOWING FROM THE KID'S EYES DOWN HIS SUNK-IN CHEEKS LEAVING LITTLE WHITE STREAKS THROUGH THE DIRT. . .


YOU SHOULD HAVE *THOUGHT* OF YOUR POOR MAMA WHO NEEDS YOU *BEFORE* YOU TRIED THIS. WHAT IS YOUR *NAME*, BOY? WHERE DO YOU *LIVE*?
EDDIE... SOB... *EDDIE FULLER!* SEVEN-TWENTY-SEVEN EAST FIFTEENTH

BUT MONAHAN'S HEART IS LIKE A BLOCK OF ICE AND HE DRAGS LITTLE EDDIE TO THIS COLD WATER TENEMENT AND WHEN THEY GET THERE, HE SNARLS AT THE KID LIKE A LION I ONCE SEEN IN THE ZOO. . .


TELL ME AT WHAT PLACE YOUR OLD MAN *WORKS* SO I CAN *CALL HIM* AND HE CAN *COME HOME* AND *TAN YOUR HIDE!*
PAPA IS *DEAD!* HE DIED WHEN I WAS *LITTLE!* DO NOT TELL MY *MAMA* WHAT I DID, MR. MONAHAN. SHE IS *SICK!*

NOW PERHAPS THIS WOULD HAVE STOPPED ANY OTHER GUY IN HIS TRACKS. BUT NOT TOUGH MONAHAN. HE IS STILL SUSPICIOUS. HE WALKS RIGHT INTO THE KID'S FLAT AND LOOKS AROUND. HE DOES NOT BAT AN EYE-LASH AT THE SKINNY FIGURE IN THE BED...



THAT ADDRESS IS ON THE WAY TO THE *STATION HOUSE*. WE WILL *STOP* THERE BECAUSE YOU HAVE GOT A *GOOD WALLOPING COMING* TO YOU FROM YOUR *OLD MAN*. *THEN*, I WILL TAKE YOU IN!
NO! I DO NOT WANT MY *MAMA* TO *FIND OUT!* PLEASE! *PLEASE!*

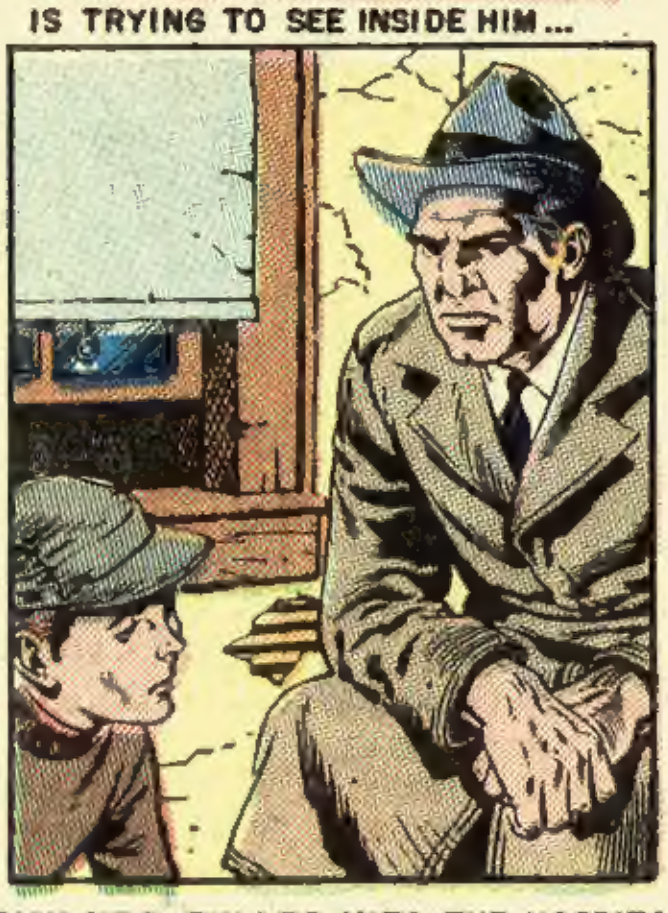
THEY GO INTO THE GLOOMY TENEMENT HALLWAY WHICH SMELLS OF COOKING AND GARBAGE, AND THE BIG GUY FOLLOWS THE LITTLE GUY UP THE CREAKY, LITTERED STAIRS...

SO YOUR *OLD LADY* IS *SICK!* I SUPPOSE THAT THE *NEXT* THING YOU WILL TELL ME IS THAT YOU *NEEDED* THE *MONEY* FOR A *DOCTOR!*
NO, SIR! FOR *FOOD!* MAMA IS *HUNGRY!*

THE BIG APE INTERRUPTS. HE DOES NOT SAY WHY HE IS THERE. HE SEES HOW HARD MRS. FULLER IS BREATHING AND HE SEES SHE IS PLENTY SICK...

IF YOU THINK THAT I AM GOING TO TELL YOU THAT FRANK MONAHAN'S EYES FILLED UP WITH TEARS, YOU HAVE GOT ROCKS IN YOUR HEAD. HE JUST WALKS OUT, THUMPS DOWN THE STAIRS TO THE HALL PAY-PHONE, CALLS THE SEVENTY-FIRST PRECINCT, AND CLOMPS BACK UP...

FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES, THEY SIT THERE... AND THE ONLY SOUND IS MRS. FULLER'S HEAVY BREATHING. THE COP NEVER TAKES HIS GLIMS OFF OF THE KID, EDDIE... LIKE HE IS TRYING TO SEE INSIDE HIM...

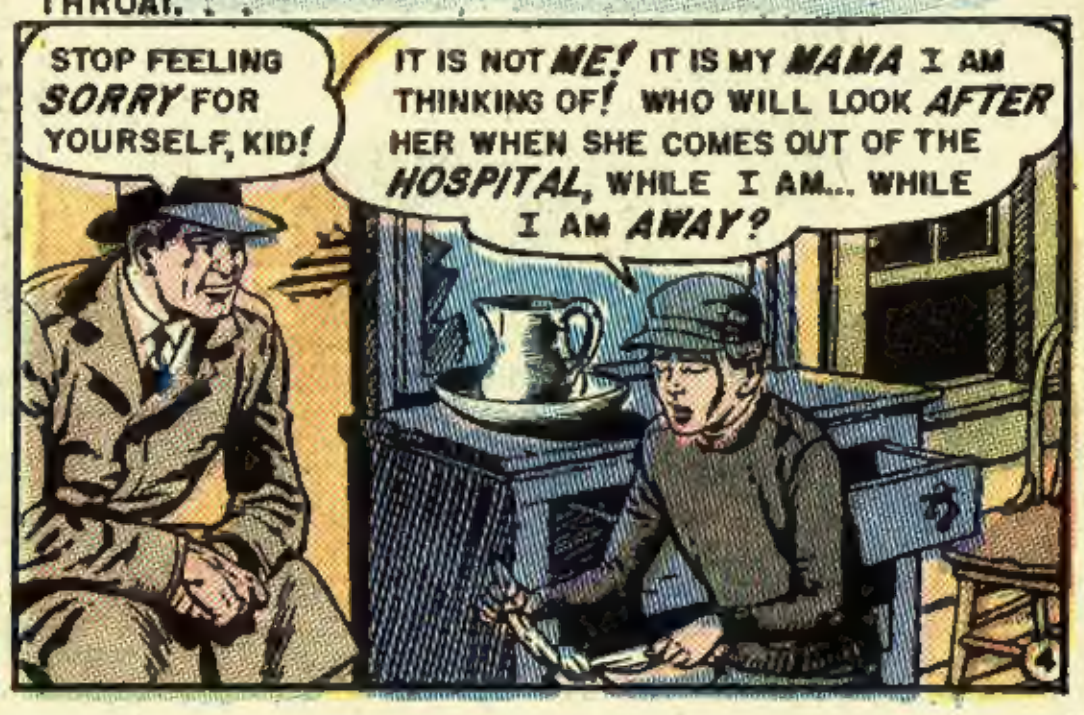


WHEN THE AMBULANCE CLANGS UP, MONAHAN LOOKS AROUND FOR A SUITCASE, BUT THERE IS NONE TO BE SEEN, AND THERE'S NOTHING TO BE PACKED EVEN IF THERE WAS ONE. TWO BOYS IN WHITE COATS COME IN WITH A STRETCHER...

THE WHOLE TIME THEY ARE LOADING SICK MRS. FULLER INTO THE HOSPITAL WAGON, MONAHAN IS WATCHING THE KID LIKE A HAWK. NO PRISONER IS GOING TO TAKE IT ON THE LAM WHILE *HE* IS ON THE JOB! BUT EDDIE IS NOT *THINKING* ABOUT *THAT*. HE IS SAYING GOODBYE TO HIS MAMA, AND HE IS BITING HIS LIP TO KEEP FROM BAWLING AGAIN...

AFTER THE AMBULANCE CLANGS OFF, MONAHAN TURNS TO THE KID AND HE IS STILL LIKE A BLOCK OF ICE...

THEY CLIMB BACK UP THE CREAKY STAIRS AND LITTLE EDDIE GATHERS HIS FEW RAGGED DUDS. IT IS NOT EASY FOR HIM TO TALK BECAUSE THE WORDS GET CHOKED UP IN HIS THROAT. . .


STOP FEELING *SORRY* FOR YOURSELF, KID!
IT IS NOT *ME!* IT IS MY *MAMA* I AM THINKING OF! WHO WILL LOOK *AFTER* HER WHEN SHE COMES OUT OF THE *HOSPITAL*, WHILE I AM... WHILE I AM *AWAY?*

MONAHAN SCOWLS AT THE KID...

YOU HAVE GOT *YOURSELF* INTO THIS SCRAPE, KID! WHEN PEOPLE NEED *MONEY*, THEY DO NOT GO STICKING THEIR HANDS INTO OTHER PEOPLES' *CASH REGISTERS!*

MY MAMA... SOB... WAS *HUNGRY!*

...AND THEN THE BIG GUY ANSWERS LIKE THE KID WAS A GROWN UP...

THAT IS *NO EXCUSE* FOR *STEALING!* THEY HAVE GOT *SOCIAL* WELFARE! YOU COULD HAVE GOT *RELIEF!* BUT, *NO!* THE *FIRST* THING YOU THINK OF IS *STEALING!*

I DO NOT *UNDERSTAND* ABOUT THOSE THINGS YOU SAID, MR. MONAHAN!

LOOK, *I* DO NOT *MAKE* THE *LAW!* I ONLY SEE THAT IT IS *OBEYED!* *YOU* HAVE *BROKEN* IT! I CANNOT LEAVE YOU *ALONE* AND *LOOSE!* YOU HAVE GOT TO BE SOMEWHERE WHERE SOMEBODY CAN KEEP AN *EYE* UPON YOU AND *STEER* YOU ALONG THE *STRAIGHT* AND *NARROW!*

LITTLE EDDIE SEES THAT IT IS NO USE ARGUING WITH THE TOUGH COP, SO HE SHUTS UP. HE SHUTS UP WHEN MONAHAN MARCHES HIM DOWNSTAIRS. HE SHUTS UP EVEN WHEN MONAHAN MARCHES HIM *RIGHT PAST THE SEVENTY-FIRST PRECINCT...*

THE BIG TOUGH FLATFOOT TAKES THE KID A COUPLE OF MORE BLOCKS DOWN TO A PRETTY NICE-LOOKING BUILDING, AND THEY GO UP, AND MONAHAN WALKS INTO THIS APARTMENT LIKE HE *LIVES* THERE, WHICH HE *DOES...*

HEY, MOLLY! I... I HAVE BROUGHT HOME A... A *FRIEND* TO *LIVE WITH US!*

WHAT!? FRANK MONAHAN! NOT ANOTHER ONE!

THE BIG TOUGH COP PUTS HIS HAND ON LITTLE EDDIE'S SHOULDER GENTLY AND THEY FOLLOW MOLLY INTO THE DINING ROOM WHERE SIX *OTHER* KIDS ARE FEEDING THEIR FACES AND LAUGHING. *SIX KIDS... AND ONLY TWO OF THEM ARE MONAHAN'S!*

THIS IS *EDDIE FULLER*, MOLLY. HIS OLD LADY JUST WENT TO THE *HOSPITAL* AND HE WILL *STAY* WITH US TILL SHE GETS *BETTER!*

WELL, FIND A PLACE AT THE *TABLE*, EDDIE. YOU ARE JUST IN TIME FOR *DINNER!*

SO LIKE I SAID, FRANK MONAHAN IS A *REAL TOUGH COP. BELIEVE ME! I KNOW!* —THE END—

THIRTY DOLLARS

Few, if any, fight fans remember Dave Baker. Actually, there is no reason they should. At his best he was just a ham-and-egger. He rounded out the bills in dreary neighborhood clubs, a leather pusher willing enough to mix it up, but strictly without talent.

Dave Baker got married to a plain girl and they lived their obscure lives struggling along on the money he made. She couldn't work too much. A year after their marriage, she became pretty sick and what with the doctor bills and the hospital bills it took every cent they had.

Then Dave couldn't get fights. The matchmakers had other stumble bums to throw in against each other for the prelims. It was bad for the Bakers. Real bad. And to make it worse, here it was coming on Christmas. There was no money for food let alone presents.

Well, it seems Dave was walking with his wife and they passed this dress shop. She saw a beautiful gown in the window. It cost thirty bucks—but it might as well have been a million. Dave caught the expression on her face and knew she wanted that dress more than anything else in the world, so he decided to get it for her.

He knew a matchmaker named Lane who had a rep in the trade for running crooked fights. You know, the kind where some comer builds up a name by kayoing his opponents real steady, only they're all set ups. Tank jobs. So Dave, who never played it wrong in his whole life, went to Lane and pleaded for a job, a chance to do a dive for thirty bucks.

It happened they needed a phoney on the card. Dave got the job. He took his thirty in advance, rushed home, gave his wife the dough and asked her to be waiting for him in the new dress, when he came back after the fight. Nobody'll ever know what it cost Dave to do a flop, but he went through with the act. He swore that he was through with boxing forever, though. He knew a guy who'd give him a job as a dock walloper. Anything was better than taking a dive, especially when Dave could have whipped the kid they had matched him with.

But all that was behind him. He dashed back to the cold water flat, trembling with excitement, thinking how beautiful his wife would look in her new dress. He opened the door and she was standing in the living room. But she wasn't wearing the new dress and there were tears in her eyes.

"What happened?" Dave asked. "Where's the dress?"

"I didn't buy it, darling," she said. "I wanted to get you a present, too . . . so I bet the thirty dollars on you to win."

They stood there looking at each other silently. Then Dave took her in his arms. Maybe people thought they had nothing. Let them think it. Dave knew he had the world. He had a wife who loved him and whom he loved. And that was a pretty good way to start all over again.

THE DIAMOND PENDANT

BASED ON A STORY BY GUY DE MAUPASSANT

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN THINGS WERE *GOOD* FOR US... FOR *LARRY* AND *ME*. BUT THAT WAS SO *LONG* AGO THAT IT DOESN'T SEEM *REAL* ANYMORE. ALL I HAVE IS *THIS*... THIS *BEAUTIFUL DIAMOND PENDANT*...TO *REMIND* ME OF THOSE *HAPPY DAYS*, AND THEN, THE ENDLESS DAYS OF *TORMENT* AND *SACRIFICE* THAT HAVE SO GRIEVOUSLY *AGED* ME. LARRY... *SIGH*...GOD REST HIS SOUL... IS *GONE* NOW... AND *I*, ONLY FIFTY-FIVE, AM IN *LIFE'S TWILIGHT*, WITH *NOTHING* LEFT BUT *MEMORIES*. I SAY '*NOTHING*', FOR... EVEN THOUGH THIS PENDANT IS VALUED AT A *FORTUNE*... TO *ME*, IT IS *NOTHING MORE THAN A WORTHLESS BAUBLE!*

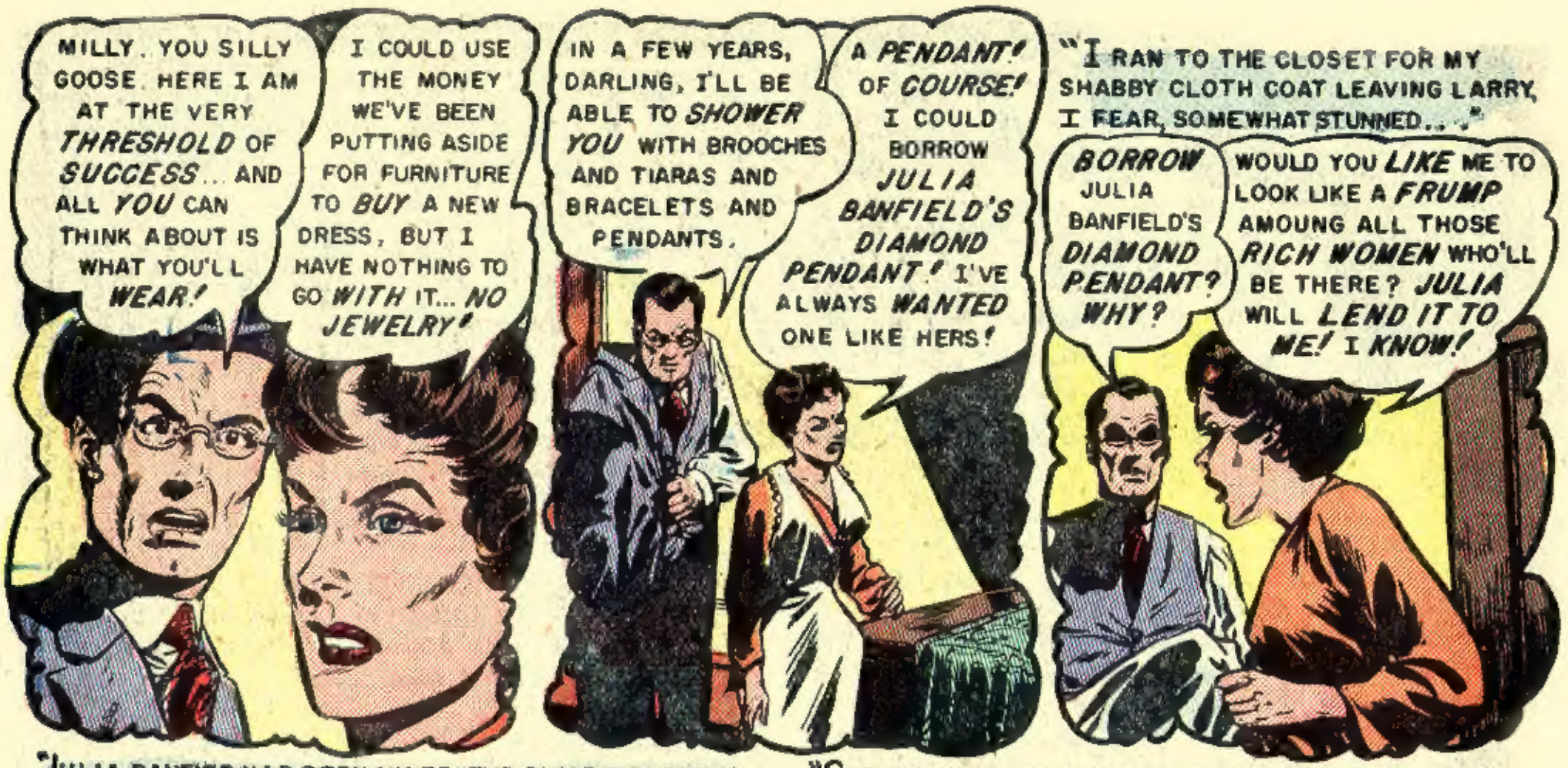
"I REMEMBER THAT NIGHT, TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, AS THOUGH IT WERE YESTERDAY. LARRY AND I HAD ONLY BEEN MARRIED A SHORT WHILE BUT I HAD ALREADY BEGUN TO GOAD HIM INTO GIVING ME THE THINGS I'D ALWAYS WANTED. WE'D BOUGHT A SMALL HOUSE AND PARTLY FURNISHED IT WITH OUR SAVINGS. THINGS WERE TIGHT. BUT I DREAMED OF SUCCESS FOR LARRY... SUCCESS AND THE MATERIAL THINGS MONEY COULD BRING. ONE NIGHT HE CAME HOME FROM WORK..."

THE *BOSS*, MILLIE...*MR. ALLERTON!* HE'S INVITED US TO HIS *HOME*...FOR A *NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY*. THERE'LL BE LOTS OF IMPORTANT *PEOPLE* THERE...*EXECUTIVES* OF THE FIRM...*CLIENTS*...

YOU *DIDN'T ACCEPT?* YOU *COULDN'T* HAVE BEEN SO *STUPID!?*

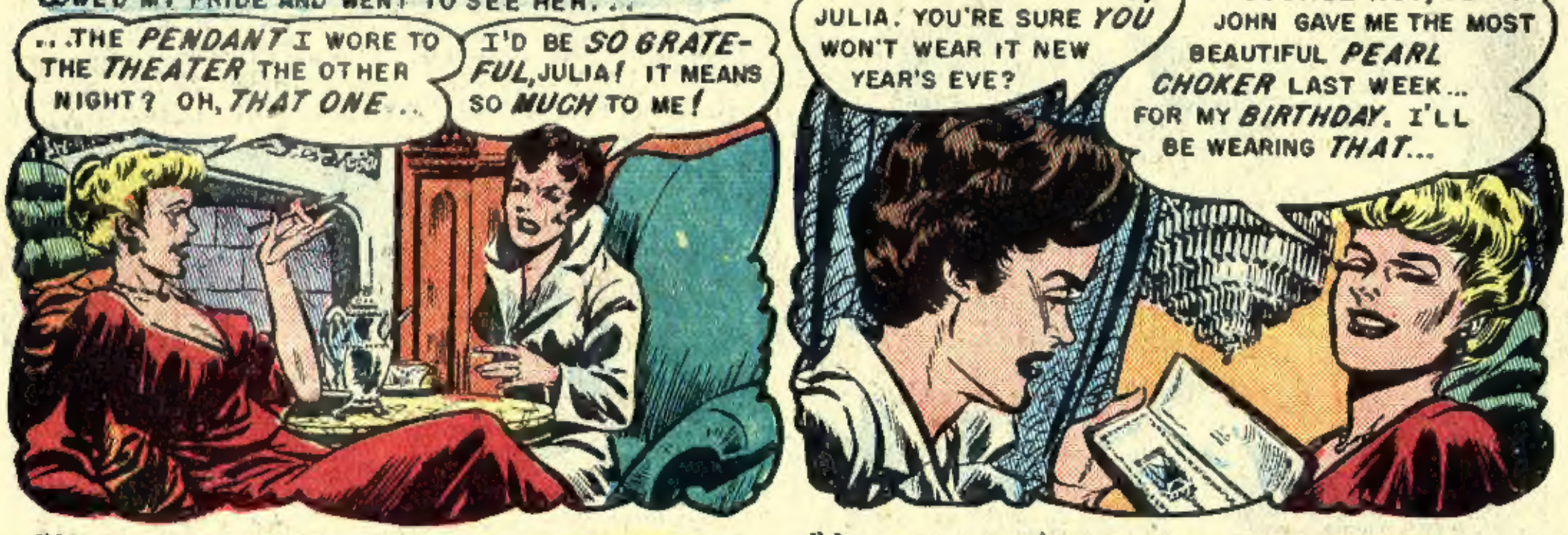
MILLIE!? WHAT'S *WRONG? THIS* MAY BE THE *BREAK* I *NEED*. I'LL GET THAT *PROMOTION* I'VE BEEN WANTING... AND THAT *RAISE*. YOU'LL BE ABLE TO *FINISH FURNISHING* THE *HOUSE* AND...

HOW CAN YOU *EXPECT* ME TO GO TO THAT *KIND OF AN AFFAIR* WITH THE *CLOTHES I HAVE*. ONE LOOK AND THEY'LL *KNOW* HOW *POOR* WE ARE.


MILLY. YOU SILLY GOOSE. HERE I AM AT THE VERY THRESHOLD OF SUCCESS... AND ALL YOU CAN THINK ABOUT IS WHAT YOU'LL WEAR!
I COULD USE THE MONEY WE'VE BEEN PUTTING ASIDE FOR FURNITURE TO BUY A NEW DRESS, BUT I HAVE NOTHING TO GO WITH IT... NO JEWELRY!
IN A FEW YEARS, DARLING, I'LL BE ABLE TO SHOWER YOU WITH BROOCHES AND TIARAS AND BRACELETS AND PENDANTS.
A PENDANT! OF COURSE! I COULD BORROW JULIA BANFIELD'S DIAMOND PENDANT! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED ONE LIKE HERS!
"I RAN TO THE CLOSET FOR MY SHABBY CLOTH COAT LEAVING LARRY, I FEAR, SOMEWHAT STUNNED..."
BORROW JULIA BANFIELD'S DIAMOND PENDANT? WHY?
WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO LOOK LIKE A FRUMP AMOUNG ALL THOSE RICH WOMEN WHO'LL BE THERE? JULIA WILL LEND IT TO ME! I KNOW!

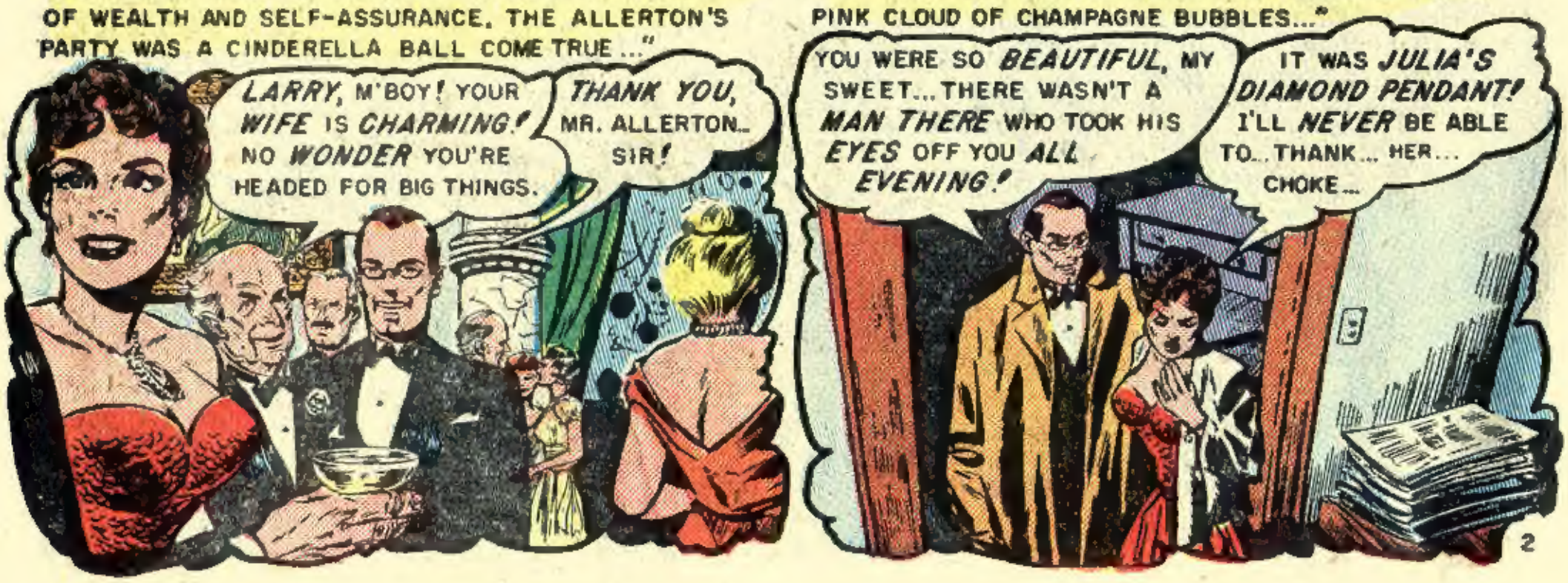
"JULIA BANFIED HAD BEEN MY FRIEND SINCE CHILDHOOD. I'D ALWAYS ENVIED HER. I REMEMBER THINKING HOW UNFAIR IT WAS... HER HAVING SO MUCH, AND I SO LITTLE. AND THEN, TO MARRY SOMEONE AS WEALTHY AS JOHN BANFIELD. HOW JEALOUS I'D BEEN. BUT I SWALLOWED MY PRIDE AND WENT TO SEE HER..."

"SHE BROUGHT ME HER DIAMOND PENDANT. AGAINST THE SOFT BLACK VELVET LINING OF ITS FLAT LEATHER CASE, IT SHONE LIKE A HUNDRED VENUSES IN A CLEAR SUMMER NIGHT SKY..."


...THE PENDANT I WORE TO THE THEATER THE OTHER NIGHT? OH, THAT ONE...
I'D BE SO GRATEFUL, JULIA! IT MEANS SO MUCH TO ME!
IT'S...IT'S BEAUTIFUL, JULIA. YOU'RE SURE YOU WON'T WEAR IT NEW YEAR'S EVE?
OF COURSE NOT, DEAR. JOHN GAVE ME THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PEARL CHOKER LAST WEEK... FOR MY BIRTHDAY. I'LL BE WEARING THAT...

"NEW YEAR'S EVE, DECEMBER 31ST, 1928, WAS THE MOST WONDERFUL NIGHT OF MY LIFE. I FELT RADIANT. FOR JULIA'S DIAMOND PENDANT GAVE ME A FEELING OF WEALTH AND SELF-ASSURANCE. THE ALLERTON'S PARTY WAS A CINDERELLA BALL COME TRUE..."

"AND LATER, WHEN LARRY AND I RETURNED TO OUR MODEST LITTLE HOUSE...A HOVEL IN COMPARISON TO THE ALLERTON'S MANSION... I WAS FLOATING ON A PINK CLOUD OF CHAMPAGNE BUBBLES..."


LARRY, M'BOY! YOUR WIFE IS CHARMING! NO WONDER YOU'RE HEADED FOR BIG THINGS.
THANK YOU, MR. ALLERTON... SIR!
YOU WERE SO BEAUTIFUL, MY SWEET... THERE WASN'T A MAN THERE WHO TOOK HIS EYES OFF YOU ALL EVENING!
IT WAS JULIA'S DIAMOND PENDANT! I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO... THANK... HER... CHOKE...

"SUDDENLY, THE PINK CLOUD EXPLODED. THE ROOM SWAM DIZZILY AROUND ME. I FELT SICK...FAINT..."

MILLIE! WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S WRONG? YOU'RE WHITE AS A...

THE DIAMOND PENDANT! IT'S GONE! I'VE LOST IT!

NO, LARRY. WE'LL GO BACK NOW... TONIGHT! THAT DIAMOND PENDANT IS WORTH AT LEAST TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS...

TEN.. GASP.. TEN THOUSAND! GOOD LORD, MILLIE. HOW COULD YOU BORROW ANYTHING SO VALUABLE?

"WE RETRACED OUR STEPS...CHECKED WITH THE CAB COMPANY...SEARCHED UNTIL DAWN. THEN, SADLY, WE RETURNED TO OUR HOME..."

THIS...THIS RUINS MY CHANCES WITH THE FIRM! ALLERTON WAS REALLY ANGRY! WHAT WILL WE DO, MILLIE? WHAT ABOUT JULIA? WHAT'LL WE TELL HER?

NOTHING, LARRY! WE CAN'T! I COULDN'T STAND THE HUMILITY! WE'VE GOT TO RETURN A PENDANT LIKE JULIA'S TO HER.. IF IT TAKES THE REST OF OUR LIVES TO PAY FOR IT!

"SEIZED WITH A HYSTERICAL KIND OF PANIC, I RUSHED INTO THE STREET, LARRY... POOR LARRY... FOLLOWING AT MY HEELS.. REASSURING ME..."

...NOT HERE! WHAT DID WE DO? YES WE LEFT THE PARTY YOU SAID A LITTLE FRESH AIR WOULD BE GOOD.. SO WE WALKED.. THEN WE TOOK A CAB. LARRY, DO YOU REMEMBER WHERE WE WALKED?

MILLIE, YOU PROBABLY DROPPED IT AT THE ALLERTONS. I'LL GO OVER IN THE MORNING...

"WE RUSHED BACK TO THE SCENE OF MY NOW-VANISHED ECSTASY AND INSISTED THAT THE BUTLER AWAKEN HIS MASTER. MR. ALLERTON WAS VERY TIRED AND EXTREMELY ANNOYED, WHEN, AFTER WE'D SEARCHED THE HOUSE, WE'D TOLD HIM THE WHOLE STORY ABOUT THE PENDANT BEING BORROWED AND I'D SUGGESTED HE CALL HIS GUESTS AND QUESTION THEM..."

I MOST CERTAINLY WON'T QUESTION THEM. I'D CONSIDER IT AN INSULT IF I WERE ONE OF THEM! GROSS CARELESSNESS UPON YOUR PART, HORTON, PERMITTING YOUR WIFE TO BORROW! I DON'T BELIEVE IN IT MYSELF! THIS LEAVES A BAD TASTE WITH ME...

BUT TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS! WHO WOULD LEND US THAT KIND OF MONEY TO PAY THE JEWELER? I ONLY MAKE FORTY DOLLARS A WEEK..

MY UNCLE ALFRED WOULD LEND IT TO US. WE COULD SIGN A NOTE FOR IT AND PAY HIM BACK OVER A LONG PERIOD WITH INTEREST. HE ALWAYS PUTS HIS MONEY INTO MORTGAGES. THIS WOULD BE LIKE ONE ON OUR LIVES...

"THE NAME OF THE JEWELERS: HEATHE, MARSH AND FINNERTY, WAS ON THE EMPTY LEATHER PENDANT CASE. ON THE SECOND OF JANUARY, FIRST THING IN THE MORNING, WE WERE THERE..."

AH, *HERE* IT IS! "BANFIELD PENDANT. DELIVERED NOVEMBER 8TH, 1927." *NOW* I REMEMBER! I *DESIGNED* THAT PIECE *MYSELF!* I STILL HAVE THE *SKETCHES*, AS A MATTER OF FACT, OF *COURSE* I COULD *DUPLICATE IT FOR YOU...* FOR ABOUT THE *SAME PRICE...* *SEVENTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.*

LARRY!

SEVEN-TEEN...

"WE LEFT THE JEWELERS, NUMB WITH SHOCK..."

WE'LL...WE'LL HAVE TO SELL THE *HOUSE*, MILLIE...TAKE A *SMALL APARTMENT* SOMEWHERE...

I'LL GO TO *WORK*, LARRY. THERE MUST BE *SOMETHING* I COULD DO...

"THEN WE WENT TO THE OFFICES OF MY UNCLE, ALFRED BURWELL..."

I'VE *SEEN* YOUR HOME, MILLIE... WORTH ABOUT *SIX THOUSAND*... *MINUS THREE HUNDRED SALES COMMISSION*. LET'S SEE... SO YOU'LL BE NEEDING ABOUT *ELEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS CASH* FROM *ME*....

WE'LL PAY YOU BACK, UNCLE ALFRED... EVERY... EVERY CENT!

WE'LL SIGN A *NOTE*...

WITH WHAT COLLATERAL? YOU SAY YOU MAKE *FORTY*, LARRY? MILLIE *MIGHT* MAKE *FIFTEEN!* THAT'S *FIFTY-FIVE!* IF YOU PAY ME *TWENTY FIVE DOLLARS A WEEK... AT SEVEN PERCENT...* LET'S SEE... IT'LL TAKE...

SEVEN PER-CENT! THAT'S *USURY*, MR. BURWELL!

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT, LARRY. THIS IS A *HIGH RISK* I'M TAKING! IT *CALLS FOR HIGH INTEREST...*

"WE TOOK IT. WE HAD TO, WE SIGNED THE NOTE. THAT AFTERNOON I WENT TO SEE JULIA BANFIELD, WHILE LARRY RUSHED BACK TO THE JEWELERS TO ORDER THE PENDANT..."

WHEN WE GOT HOME FROM THE PARTY, *LARRY* PUT THE *PENDANT* IN OUR *STRONG-BOX*. *HE* HAS THE *KEY* AND HE'S *GONE OUT OF TOWN!* I DON'T KNOW *WHEN* HE'LL BE *BACK*, JULIA, AND I'M *SO UPSET...*

DON'T BE *SILLY*, MILLIE. THE PENDANT WILL BE AS SAFE IN *YOUR* STRONG-BOX AS IT IS IN *MINE*...

"THE NEW PENDANT WAS READY IN TWO WEEKS AND I RUSHED IT TO JULIA'S HOUSE. LATER, I TOLD LARRY ALL ABOUT IT..."

SHE WAS *UPSTAIRS DRESSING*. SHE CALLED *DOWN* TO ME TO *LEAVE IT ON THE DRAWING ROOM TABLE*. THAT'S *ALL*. OUR *FUTURE LIVES* HAVE BEEN *PUT INTO THAT JEWELRY*... AND *SHE* SAID TO JUST *LEAVE IT ON THE TABLE*. OH, LARRY... SOB...

I SIGNED OVER THE *HOUSE* THIS MORNING, MILLIE. WE'LL HAVE TO *MOVE OUT TOMORROW*.

"AFTER THAT, THE NIGHTMARE CLOSED IN UPON US. WE MOVED TO A SMALL CHEAP FLAT ACROSS TOWN IN THE TENEMENT SECTION..."

...SO HE *PASSED ME RIGHT BY.* MY *ASSISTANT,* WHITLEY, WAS MADE *DEPARTMENT MANAGER* RIGHT OVER *MY HEAD...*

IT'S NOT *FAIR* OF MR. ALLERTON TO HOLD *MY* STUPID CARELESSNESS AGAINST *YOU,* LARRY!

NO, HE'S *RIGHT,* MILLIE. WHAT *YOU* DO *IS* MY RESPONSIBILITY. BUT DON'T LET IT *WORRY* YOU. THINGS WILL *WORK OUT.* WE'LL *PAY BACK* THE LOAN. *YOU'LL SEE!*

WE WERE *COUNTING* ON YOUR *RAISE* AND *PROMOTION,* LARRY. NOW I'LL *HAVE* TO GO TO WORK... AND HAVING... SOB... *BABIES* WILL HAVE TO *WAIT!*

"I BEGAN TO LOOK AROUND AND FINALLY FOUND A JOB WITH A DRESS MANUFACTURING COMPANY..."

THE JOB PAYS *TWENTY-FIVE CENTS AN HOUR,* LADY... *EIGHT TO SIX... SIX DAYS A WEEK!*

THANK YOU, MR. HAWLEY! THANK YOU *SO MUCH!*

"THAT NIGHT I BURST IN ON LARRY WITH THE GOOD NEWS. I WAS SO ENTHUSED, I NEVER NOTICED HIS DESPONDENCY..."

...AND AT *TWO-FIFTY A DAY... SIX DAYS A WEEK...* THAT'S *FIFTEEN DOLLARS...* JUST TO *START!* WHY, WITHIN A *YEAR,* I...

MILLIE! MR. ALLERTON LET ME *GO* TODAY!

HE... HE *FIRED YOU,* LARRY?!

I... I FELT IT *COMING,* MILLIE. I'VE BEEN SO *WORRIED* THESE PAST FEW WEEKS, I JUST HAVEN'T BEEN *CONCENTRATING* ON MY *WORK.* I MADE A *TERRIBLE MISTAKE* YESTERDAY... AN *EXPENSIVE* MISTAKE FOR THE *COMPANY!*

"I TRIED WITHOUT SUCCESS TO LIFT LARRY'S SPIRITS ...AND MY OWN AS WELL..."

WELL, *WE'LL* MANAGE *SOMEHOW* ON WHAT *I* MAKE UNTIL YOU GET *ANOTHER* JOB... AND YOU *WILL* SOON, *TOO.* YOU'RE *VERY CAPABLE,* DEAR.

I'LL *NEVER* HAVE *ANOTHER* OPPORTUNITY LIKE I HAD WITH *MR. ALLERTON,* MILLIE.

"LARRY DID GET ANOTHER JOB EVENTUALLY, BUT NOT UNTIL WE'D PAWNED EVERY LAST STICK OF FURNITURE WE'D OWNED. WE FINALLY WERE FORCED TO MOVE INTO A FURNISHED ROOM..."

MILLIE! WHAT'S THIS? YOUR ENGAGEMENT RING! WHERE IS IT?

ONE OF UNCLE ALFRED'S NOTES CAME DUE. I HAD TO BORROW ON THE RING TO PAY IT. BUT DON'T WORRY, DEAR! NOW THAT YOU'RE WORKING, I'LL GET IT BACK!

"I NEVER REDEEMED THE RING. THE YEARS PASSED. BY DAY, I'D WORK IN THE LOFT... AND IN THE EVENINGS..."

WHAT HAVE WE COME TO, MILLIE? I CAN'T SEEM TO HOLD A JOB LONG... AND YOU, EVERY NIGHT..

I DON'T MIND DRESSMAKING, LARRY... EXCEPT FOR A LITTLE HEADACHE I GET NOW AND THEN FROM EYESTRAIN...

"FIVE YEARS...TEN YEARS... THEY CRAWLED BY. LARRY LOOKED MUCH OLDER THAN HIS FORTY YEARS, AS I MUST HAVE LOOKED TO HIM..."

WE'RE LIVING FOR YOUR UNCLE ALFRED, MILLIE... IF YOU CAN CALL THIS EXISTANCE LIVING! SOMETIMES, I THINK WE OUGHT TO RUN AWAY FROM IT ALL..

AND NOT PAY OUR DEBT BACK? DON'T SAY THAT, LARRY! WE NEVER CHEATED ANYBODY IN OUR LIVES! HOW COULD WE FACE EACH OTHER?

"IT DIDN'T SEEM POSSIBLE, BUT THE NEXT SEVEN YEARS WERE EVEN WORSE FOR US THAN THE FIRST TEN. I HAD TO GIVE UP MY EVENING DRESSMAKING BECAUSE OF MY HEADACHES. LARRY WAS ALWAYS TIRED. THEN, ONE DAY, I CAME HOME TO FIND LARRY IN BED..."

I WENT TO A FREE CLINIC SIX MONTHS AGO, MILLIE. THE DOCTOR SAID I'D HAVE TO HAVE AN OPERATION. IT WOULD HAVE COST US NEARLY TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS. I KNEW WE COULDN'T DO IT! SO, I...I DIDN'T... TELL...YOU...

LARRY! YOU FOOL! I'LL WORK DAY AND NIGHT! I'LL...

"IT WAS TOO LATE. LARRY DIED WITHIN A WEEK..."

LARRY...SOB...OH, LARRY! I DID THIS TO YOU! SOB...

"MY HUSBAND WAS BURIED IN POTTER'S FIELD. I WEPT AND MOURNED FOR HIM, BUT I CARRIED ON...ALONE. I WAS DETERMINED TO PAY BACK THE DEBT. FOR EIGHT MORE YEARS I WORKED, SCRUBBING FLOORS IN OFFICE BUILDINGS IN THE EVENINGS..."

"...AND AFTER A FEW HOURS SLEEP, WASHING DISHES IN AN ALL NIGHT RESTAURANT UNTIL IT WAS TIME TO GO TO THE DRESS LOFT..."

©

"BUT IT WAS WORTH THE SACRIFICES. AFTER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, AS I PAID THE LAST NOTE TO MY UNCLE, ALFRED BURWELL, I WEPT..."

WELL, *HERE IT IS*, MILLIE! I'VE MARKED IT *PAID!* I'LL WAGER YOU'RE *GLAD* IT'S *ALL OVER*...

GLAD!? OVER! OH, *GOODBYE*, UNCLE ALFRED... SOB... *GOODBYE!*

"BUT EVEN AFTER THAT, I WAS TROUBLED. THERE WAS ONE MORE THING ON MY CONSCIENCE. I HAD ACTUALLY DECEIVED JULIA BANFIELD ABOUT THE PENDANT I'D RETURNED TO HER. I WANTED TO CONFESS THIS DECEPTION AND COMPLETELY WIPE THE SLATE CLEAN. AND SO, TONIGHT, I WENT TO SEE HER...

MILLIE! MILLIE *HORTON?!* I... I WOULDN'T HAVE *RECOGNIZED* YOU... I MEAN... WELL, YOU'VE *CHANGED SO* IN TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

THEY'VE BEEN *HARD* YEARS, JULIA... BUT THEY'RE *OVER* NOW... EXCEPT FOR *ONE THING*...

"I TOLD JULIA THE WHOLE STORY..."

...SO AFTER I'D *LOST* IT, WE HAD THE *ORIGINAL JEWELERS* MAKE AN *EXACT COPY*, AND FOR THE *LAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS*, I'VE BEEN *PAYING IT OFF*, BUT I FELT I *HAD* TO TELL YOU! IT WAS ON MY *CONSCIENCE!* I *KNOW* THE *ORIGINAL* HAD *SENTIMENTAL VALUE* FOR YOU...

OH, MILLIE... MILLIE...

"JULIA WENT TO THE WALL SAFE AND OPENED IT..."

WHY, MILLIE... WHY DIDN'T YOU *TELL* ME? *WHY* DID YOU *REMAIN SILENT?*

MY *PRIDE*, I GUESS...

"SHE RETURNED WITH THE GLITTERING PENDANT... THE SPARKLING JEWEL THAT HAD COMPLETELY GOVERNED MY LIFE..."

MILLIE, THIS IS *YOURS!* IT *BELONGS* TO YOU... *RIGHTFULLY*...

I... I *DON'T UNDERSTAND*...

SHORTLY AFTER JOHN *GAVE* ME THE PENDANT, WE RAN SHORT OF *CASH*. JOHN *SOLD* THE PENDANT IN *NEW YORK*... BUT BECAUSE *I* WAS *AFRAID* OF WHAT *PEOPLE HERE* WOULD *THINK*, I HAD HIM MAKE A *DUPLICATE* OF IT *BEFORE* HE SOLD IT. THE PENDANT I *LENT YOU* THAT NIGHT WAS A *CHEAP PASTE IMITATION*...

PASTE...!? OH... GOD...

SO, YOU *SEE* WHY THIS PENDANT, THOUGH WORTH A *FORTUNE*, IS *WORTHLESS TO ME!* IT *CAN'T* BUY BACK THE *YEARS*. IT *CAN'T* BRING BACK *LARRY* OR GIVE ME THE *CHILDREN* I NEVER HAD. IT IS ONLY A *GLITTERING BAUBLE*... A *MEMENTO* OF THE *TRAGEDY* OF *MY PRIDE* AND MY *ENVY* AND MY *HUNGER* FOR *MATERIAL THINGS*... THINGS THAT, *IN REALITY*, ARE NOTHING MORE THAN *SO MUCH PASTE!*

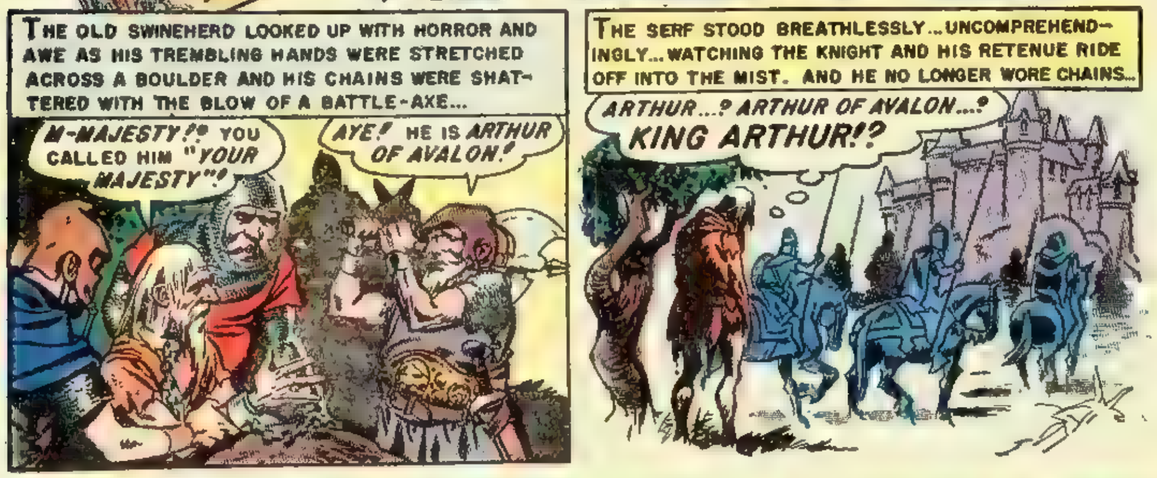
THE END

COMING ATTRACTIONS!

The Roman Arena! The French Revolution! Napoleon!

HERE IS A SCENE FROM ANOTHER OF E.C.'S "NEW DIRECTION" MAGS...

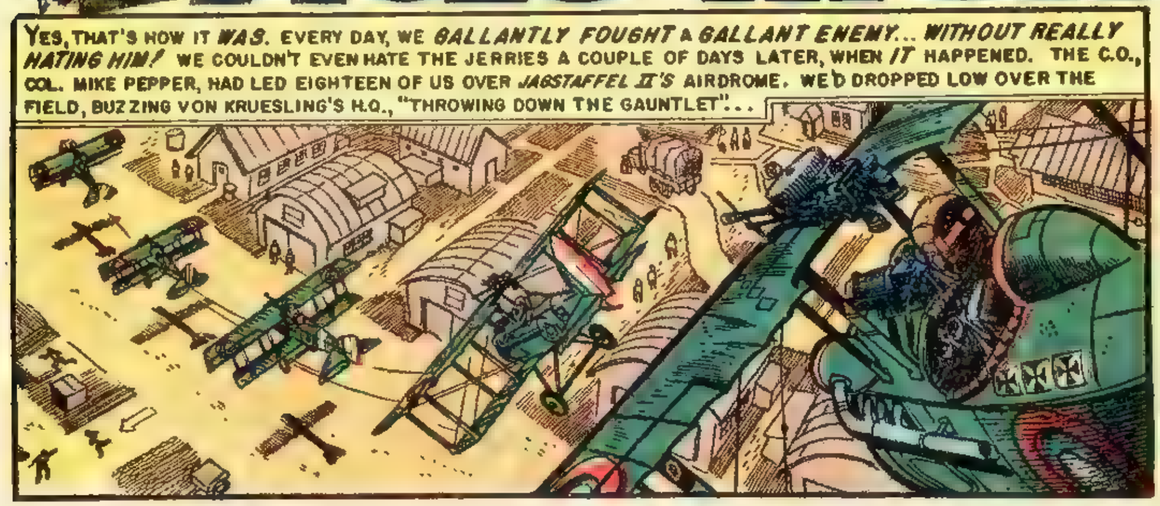
VALOR


THE OLD SWINEHERD LOOKED UP WITH HORROR AND AWE AS HIS TREMBLING HANDS WERE STRETCHED ACROSS A BOULDER AND HIS CHAINS WERE SHATTERED WITH THE BLOW OF A BATTLE-AXE...
M-MAJESTY!? YOU CALLED HIM "YOUR MAJESTY"!
AYE! HE IS ARTHUR OF AVALON!
THE SERF STOOD BREATHLESSLY...UNCOMPREHENDINGLY...WATCHING THE KNIGHT AND HIS RETENUE RIDE OFF INTO THE MIST. AND HE NO LONGER WORE CHAINS...
ARTHUR...? ARTHUR OF AVALON...?
KING ARTHUR!?

SCREAMING ACTION! BLAZING GUNS! EXPLODING FURY!

TAKE TO THE COMBAT SKIES IN E.C.'S "NEW DIRECTION" MAG...

ACES HIGH


YES, THAT'S HOW IT WAS. EVERY DAY, WE GALLANTLY FOUGHT A GALLANT ENEMY... WITHOUT REALLY HATING HIM! WE COULDN'T EVEN HATE THE JERRIES A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER, WHEN IT HAPPENED. THE C.O., COL. MIKE PEPPER, HAD LED EIGHTEEN OF US OVER JAGSTAFFEL II'S AIRDROME. WE'D DROPPED LOW OVER THE FIELD, BUZZING VON KRUESLING'S H.Q., "THROWING DOWN THE GAUNTLET"...

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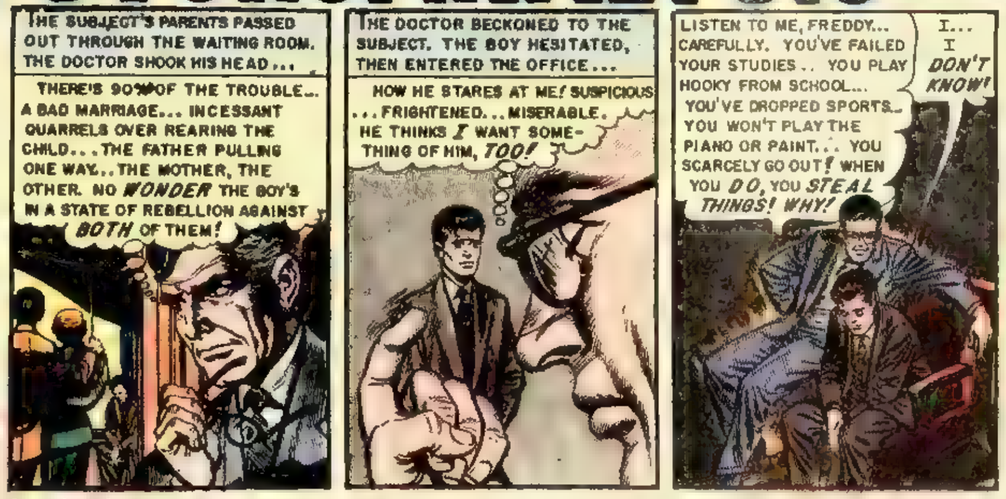
PSYCHOANALYSIS


THE SUBJECT'S PARENTS PASSED OUT THROUGH THE WAITING ROOM. THE DOCTOR SHOOK HIS HEAD...
THERE'S 90% OF THE TROUBLE... A BAD MARRIAGE... INCESSANT QUARRELS OVER REARING THE CHILD... THE FATHER PULLING ONE WAY... THE MOTHER, THE OTHER. NO WONDER THE BOY'S IN A STATE OF REBELLION AGAINST BOTH OF THEM!
THE DOCTOR BECKONED TO THE SUBJECT. THE BOY HESITATED, THEN ENTERED THE OFFICE...
HOW HE STARES AT ME! SUSPICIOUS ...FRIGHTENED...MISERABLE. HE THINKS I WANT SOMETHING OF HIM, TOO!
LISTEN TO ME, FREDDY... CAREFULLY. YOU'VE FAILED YOUR STUDIES.. YOU PLAY HOOKY FROM SCHOOL... YOU'VE DROPPED SPORTS... YOU WON'T PLAY THE PIANO OR PAINT... YOU SCARCELY GO OUT! WHEN YOU DO, YOU STEAL THINGS! WHY!
I... I DON'T KNOW!

AS MANY OF YOU KNOW, WE AT E.C. HAVE BEEN HARD AT WORK PREPARING A COMPLETELY NEW LINE OF MAGAZINES TO REPLACE THE ONES WE'VE DROPPED! AFTER MUCH HEAD-SCRATCHING, NAIL-BITING, AND BRAIN-RACKING... FOLLOWED BY PLENTY OF PENCILING, INKING, AND EDITING... WE ARE AT LAST READY TO UNVEIL OUR "NEW DIRECTION" MAGAZINES! TO AROUSE YOUR CURIOSITY, WE'VE PRESENTED THIS UNVEILING IN THE FORM OF COMING ATTRACTIONS! NOW YOU'VE SEEN THEM!

LOOK FOR THEM ON YOUR NEWSSTANDS!

IF YOU'D LIKE TO SUBSCRIBE TO ANY AND/OR ALL OF THESE "NEW DIRECTION" MAGS, FILL OUT THE COUPON BELOW, ENCLOSE $1.00 FOR EACH SUBSCRIPTION, AND MAIL TO...

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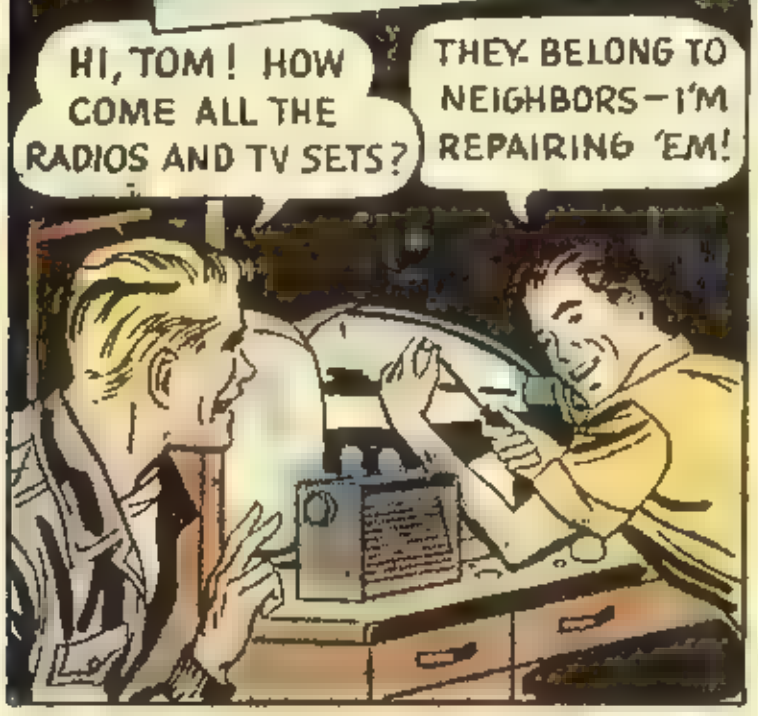

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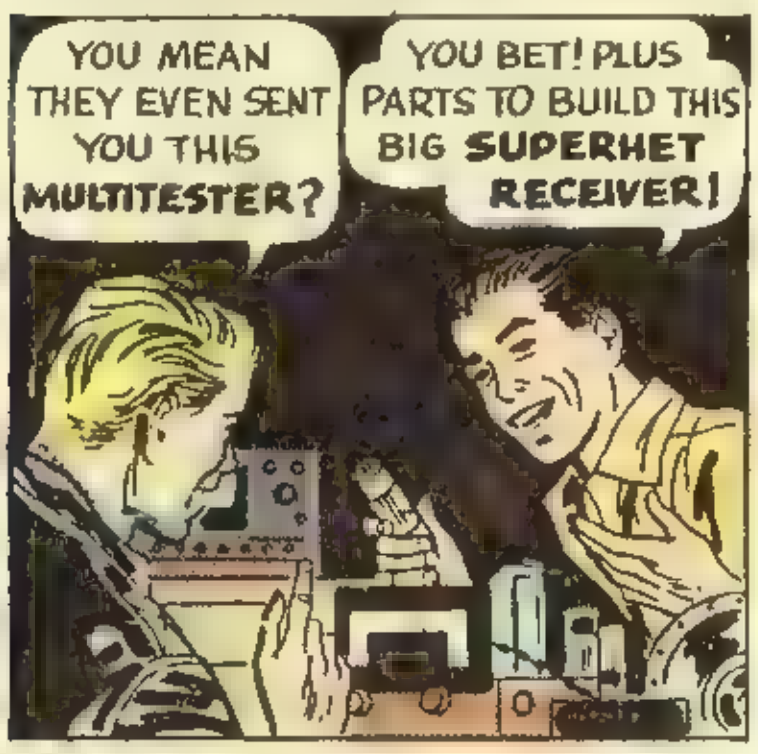

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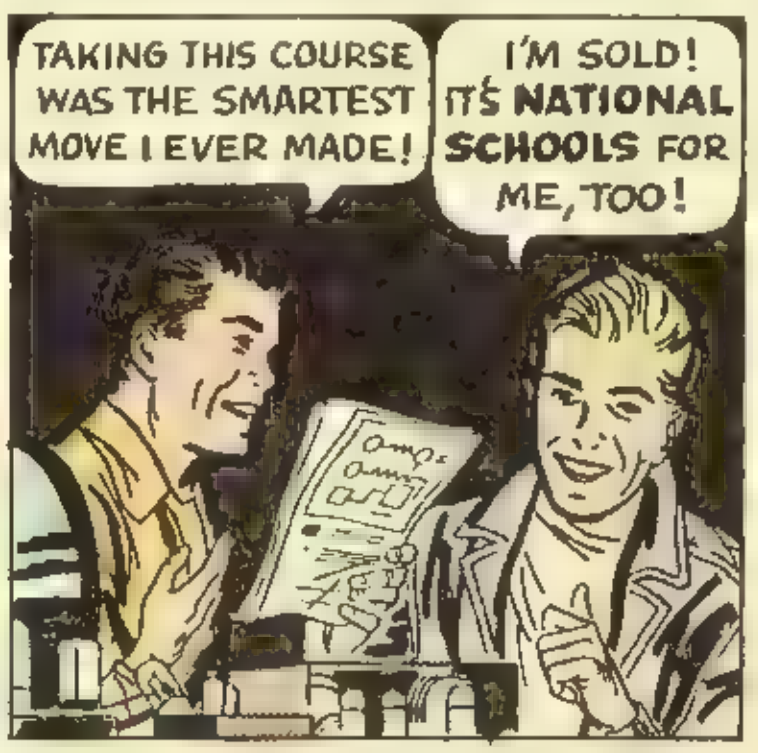

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THE DRESS

THE OTHER BOARDERS WERE LEAVING THE ROOM SILENTLY, FOLLOWING BEHIND THE TWO WHITE-COATED MORGUE WAGON ATTENDANTS WHO CARRIED THE WICKER BASKET WITH ITS PITIFULLY LIGHT BURDEN. ONLY MARTIN PAULSON REMAINED. HE STOOD BESIDE MR. KRESS, THE CORONER, AND STARED AT AGATHA DONALD, SITTING ACROSS THE ROOM, SOBBING SOFTLY INTO A TEAR DAMPENED HANDKERCHIEF. AND MARTIN PAULSON'S EYES WERE HARD AND COLD AND HIS FACE WAS GRIM...

WELL! I GUESS THAT *DOES* IT! *HEART FAILURE*, BROUGHT ON BY *OVER-EXCITEMENT*. TOO BAD! BUT *NO ONE* WAS ACTUALLY TO *BLAME!*

THAT'S NOT *SO!* IT WAS *HER* FAULT! *SHE* KILLED JANIE! SHE KILLED HER AS MALICIOUSLY AS IF SHE'D *STRANGLED* HER WITH HER *BARE HANDS!*

B. EVANS

AGATHA DONALD'S SOBBING DRIFTED INTO SILENCE. HER THIN FACE TIGHTENED AND SHE STOOD UP, CLASPING HER BONY HANDS PRIMLY BEFORE HER...

SO *THAT'S* WHAT YOU THINK! YOU'VE HATED ME FOR A LONG TIME, MR. PAULSON, BUT I NEVER KNEW HOW *MUCH!*

IT'S *NO SECRET!* MAYBE THE *OTHERS* WILL LET YOU GET AWAY WITH WHAT YOU DID TO JANIE, BUT *I* WON'T!

THEN HADN'T YOU BETTER TELL THE CORONER YOUR *STORY*, MR. PAULSON!

DON'T *WORRY!* I *INTEND* TO! THIS... *THIS* IS WHAT *STARTED* EVERYTHING, MR. KRESS! *THIS DRESS!* IT BELONGED TO JANIE'S GRANDMOTHER...

"THE FIRST TIME I EVER SAW JANIE, SHE WAS DANCING AROUND THIS VERY ROOM WITH AN OLD SHAWL DRAPED OVER HER THIN SHOULDERS. SHE WAS PRETENDING THAT SHE WAS WEARING THE DRESS..."

WELL, *HELLO THERE!* ARE YOU THE *NEW BOARDERS?*

YOU'LL HAVE TO *FORGIVE* JANE. SHE WON'T *ANSWER!* SHE'S... WELL, SHE'S *REHEARSING*, MR.. MR...?

PAULSON! MARTIN PAULSON! I LIVE UPSTAIRS! ER... *REHEARSING?*

IN A WAY! JANE WANTS TO WEAR HER GRAND-MOTHER'S DRESS THERE. I...I DON'T THINK SHE'S QUITE *READY* FOR IT. ER... MY NAME IS AGATHA DONALD. JANE IS MY NIECE...

OH, AUNT AGATHA! IT'S *SO* PRETTY. DON'T YOU THINK I'M *READY* NOW? I'VE *PRACTICED* AND *PRACTICED* TO WEAR THE DRESS! *CAN'T* I...*TODAY?*

NO, JANE! YOU *KNOW* YOU CAN'T! YOU'RE NOT *READY!*

BUT I *AM* READY! PLEASE! *PLEASE?*

NO! AND NO MORE BEGGING! YOU *KNOW* THAT EXCITEMENT ISN'T *GOOD* FOR YOU! YOU'LL HAVE TO *REST* NOW! IF MR. PAULSON WILL *EXCUSE* US...?

PLEASE, AGATHA? *PLEASE, TODAY?* I WON'T *HURT* IT!

YOU'RE HURTING *YOURSELF* BY BEING SO EMOTIONAL! I SAID *NO!* PERHAPS *TOMORROW...*

"EVEN THAT FIRST DAY, I COULD SEE HOW THINGS WERE. AGATHA WAS LIKE ICE. THE NEXT DAY, AS I PASSED THEIR ROOM, I COULD HEAR HER CLIPPED ACID VOICE THROUGH THE DOOR..."

I TOLD YOU *TWICE!* NOW YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO BE *PUNISHED!* THE CASE WILL BE *COVERED* FOR A WEEK. YOU'LL NOT *SEE* THE DRESS!

A *WHOLE WEEK!* OH, NO, AUNT AGATHA! *PLEASE!*

"AGATHA WAS CRUEL. TO JANE'S IMMATURE MIND, THAT GOWN MUST HAVE BEEN THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING IN THE WORLD, AND IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE WE ALL LEARNED HOW AGATHA USED IT AGAINST HER."

SO *THERE* YOU ARE! *WHERE IS IT?* THE *KEY* TO THE *CASE!* *GIVE IT TO ME!*

THE *KEY?* I... *I* DON'T HAVE ANY KEY, AUNT AGATHA! *HONESTLY,* I DON'T!

THAT'S NOT *TRUE*, JANE! *YOU* STOLE THE KEY! I LEFT IT ON THE DRESSER OF OUR ROOM AND NOW IT'S *GONE*! *GIVE IT TO ME!*

I...I... I ONLY WANTED TO *TOUCH* THE DRESS! AUNT AGATHA, *DON'T* PUNISH ME! WHY CAN'T I JUST *TOUCH* THE DRESS?

BECAUSE YOU DO *BAD THINGS!* LIKE TAKING *KEYS!* DO YOU THINK I'D *LET* YOU TOUCH YOUR GRANDMOTHER'S DRESS WHEN YOU'RE SO *BAD?*

BAD? REALLY, MISS DONALD! JANIE COULDN'T MEAN ANY *HARM!* IT SEEMS LIKE SUCH A *SMALL* THING! WHY *FRIGHTEN* THE CHILD SO?

"BUT AGATHA DIDN'T ANSWER ME. I FIGURED IT OUT AFTER A WHILE. AGATHA WAS AN OLD MAID. SHE WAS DRIED UP_EMPTY. IT GAVE HER PLEASURE TO MAKE JANE CRINGE. I HAD TO INTERFERE_"

JANE, WHY ARE YOU CRYING? WHAT'S WRONG?

IT...IT'S AUNT AGATHA. SHE_SHE SAID SHE'D *SELL* THE DRESS...JUST BECAUSE I WANDERED *AWAY* THIS AFTERNOON AND SHE HAD TO *LOOK* FOR ME!

SHE SAID IF IT HAPPENED *AGAIN*, SHE'D MAKE SURE I'D NEVER *SEE* THE DRESS AGAIN. MR. PAULSON, IT'S *MY DRESS!*

AND YOUR MOTHER LEFT IT IN *MY CARE*... AS SHE LEFT *YOU* IN MY CARE!

YOUR *CHEEKS* ARE FLUSHED, JANE! I THINK YOU'D BETTER GO IN AND GO TO *BED!* I'M SURE MR. PAULSON WILL *EXCUSE* YOU!

I CAN EXCUSE JANIE_BUT NOT *YOU*, MISS DONALD! IT MUST BE *GREAT FUN* TO BULLY A HELPLESS CHILD, BUT I'M AFRAID *MY* TASTES RUN *DIFFERENTLY*.

YOU DON'T *UNDERSTAND*, MR. PAULSON! JANE ISN'T *WELL!* SHE ISN'T WELL *AT ALL!*

THEN WHY NOT GIVE HER A *BREAK?* OR DO I *KNOW?* THAT DRESS IS LIKE A *WHIP*, ISN'T IT? AS LONG AS YOU CAN HOLD IT OVER HER *HEAD*, YOU CAN GO ON *TORMENTING* HER! YOU'RE *QUITE A WOMAN*, MISS DONALD!

"*I* WAS THE ONE WHO BEGAN THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST AGATHA. I HEARD JANIE CRY SO MANY TIMES .. AND SHE WAS SO SWEET...SO GENTLE! IT WASN'T *FAIR!* IT WASN'T *RIGHT* THAT AGATHA SHOULD GO UNPUNISHED. *I* STARTED THE CAMPAIGN OF *SILENCE*..."

"WE WALLED AGATHA OFF...BUT SHE NEVER ONCE ASKED WHY. I GUESS IT WASN'T THE FIRST TIME THAT PEOPLE HAD SHOWN THEIR CONTEMPT FOR HER. SHE SEEMED USED TO IT. THEN, WE WENT A STEP FURTHER..."

YOU...YOU SAY YOU *HAVE* SOMETHING FOR ME?

YES, MISS DONALD. I WANTED THE PLEASURE OF SERVING IT *MYSELF!* IT'S A *SUMMONS!* MAYBE A *COURT* CAN DO SOMETHING FOR POOR JANIE, EVEN IF *WE* CAN'T!

"EVERY ONE OF US WAS AT THE HEARING. WE TOLD OUR STORIES. BUT A THING LIKE THAT IS HARD TO GET ACROSS. THE JUDGE SHOOK HIS HEAD..."

IN VIEW OF THE EVIDENCE, THE REQUEST FOR AN ORDER REMOVING JANE DONALD FROM THE CUSTODY OF HER AUNT IS *DENIED!* THERE IS *NO PROOF OF NEGLECT*...

"I HATED AGATHA AFTER THAT. I ADMIT IT. SHE WAS SO SMUG. SHE'D BEATEN US. AND JANIE WENT ON LONGING...SUFFERING...CRYING..."

AUNT AGATHA, JUST LET ME *TOUCH* THE DRESS! *PLEASE!* I'VE BEEN *GOOD!* YOU *KNOW* I HAVE!

SHE'S *AT* IT AGAIN...*TORTURING* THAT POOR CHILD! OF ALL THE CRUEL, MEAN, SADISTIC...

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!

SMACK!

THAT DOES IT! I'VE HAD *ENOUGH* OF THIS! NOW I'M GOING TO *DO* SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

MARTIN PAULSON TURNED FROM THE CORONER TO AGATHA DONALD, AND THE WHOLE ROOM SEEMED TO OVERFLOW WITH HIS BITTERNESS...

THAT WAS THIS MORNING! WHEN SHE SLAMMED THAT DOOR IN MY FACE, I MADE UP MY MIND THAT JANIE WOULD *HAVE* HER HEART'S DESIRE. IF *SHE* WOULDN'T SEE JANIE HAPPY...*I WOULD!*

"I WENT UP TO MY ROOM AND SAT FOR HOURS BY THE WINDOW...WAITING...WAITING FOR HER TO GO OUT. MAYBE WHAT I PLANNED WAS WRONG. I ONLY KNEW I WANTED TO SEE JANIE HAPPY..."

AH...THERE SHE GOES... AT LAST...

"I WENT DOWNSTAIRS AND JANIE WAS THERE, JUST AS I'D KNOWN SHE'D BE. SHE WAS REHEARSING AGAIN ... PRACTICING HOW SHE WOULD MOVE AND WALK WHEN SHE FINALLY GOT TO WEAR HER GRANDMOTHER'S DRESS..."

JANIE? JANIE, WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO *WEAR* THE DRESS? NOT JUST *PRETEND*, BUT *REALLY WEAR* IT? YOU *CAN*, YOU KNOW...

"SHE STOPPED AND TURNED, STARING AT ME WIDE-EYED.."

NOT...PRETEND!? OH, IF I ONLY *COULD!* BUT MY AUNT AGATHA...

HANG YOUR AUNT AGATHA! I DON'T CARE *WHAT* SHE SAYS OR DOES *AFTERWARDS!* AT LEAST YOU'LL HAVE HAD *THAT* MUCH! JUST LEAVE IT TO ME!

"THE LOCK ON THE GLASS CASE WAS OLD AND FRAGILE AND FLIMSY. IT DIDN'T TAKE MUCH FORCING TO SNAP IT OPEN! BUT I NEVER GOT THE CHANCE TO REMOVE THE DRESS..."

NO!

"AGATHA HAD RETURNED SOONER THAN I EXPECTED. SHE RUSHED TO THE CASE, PUSHED ME AWAY. JANIE SCREAMED..."

HOW *DARE* YOU!? *GET OUT! DON'T TOUCH IT!*

I WILL! I WILL! IT'S MINE!

NO, JANE! DON'T COME ANY *CLOSER!* YOU CAN'T *HAVE* IT! NOT *TODAY!*

YOU WANT IT FOR *YOURSELF! THAT'S* WHY YOU'VE NEVER LET ME WEAR IT!

"I STOOD BY, WATCHING AUNT AND NIECE STRUGGLE."

I NEVER *UNDERSTOOD* BEFORE! BUT NOW I *KNOW!* I *KNOW!* I *WILL* WEAR IT! I *WILL!*

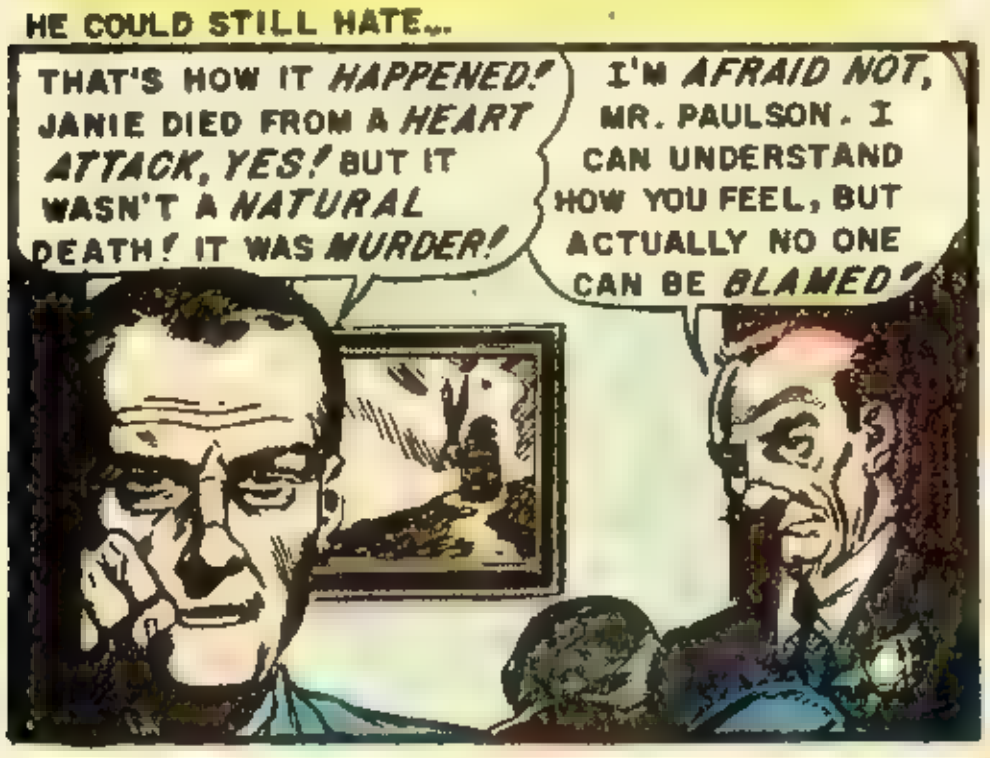
JANE! PLEASE! STOP IT! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE!

"AND I WATCHED, HORRIFIED, AS JANE CLUTCHED AT HER CHEST AND COLLAPSED LIKE A RAG DOLL..."

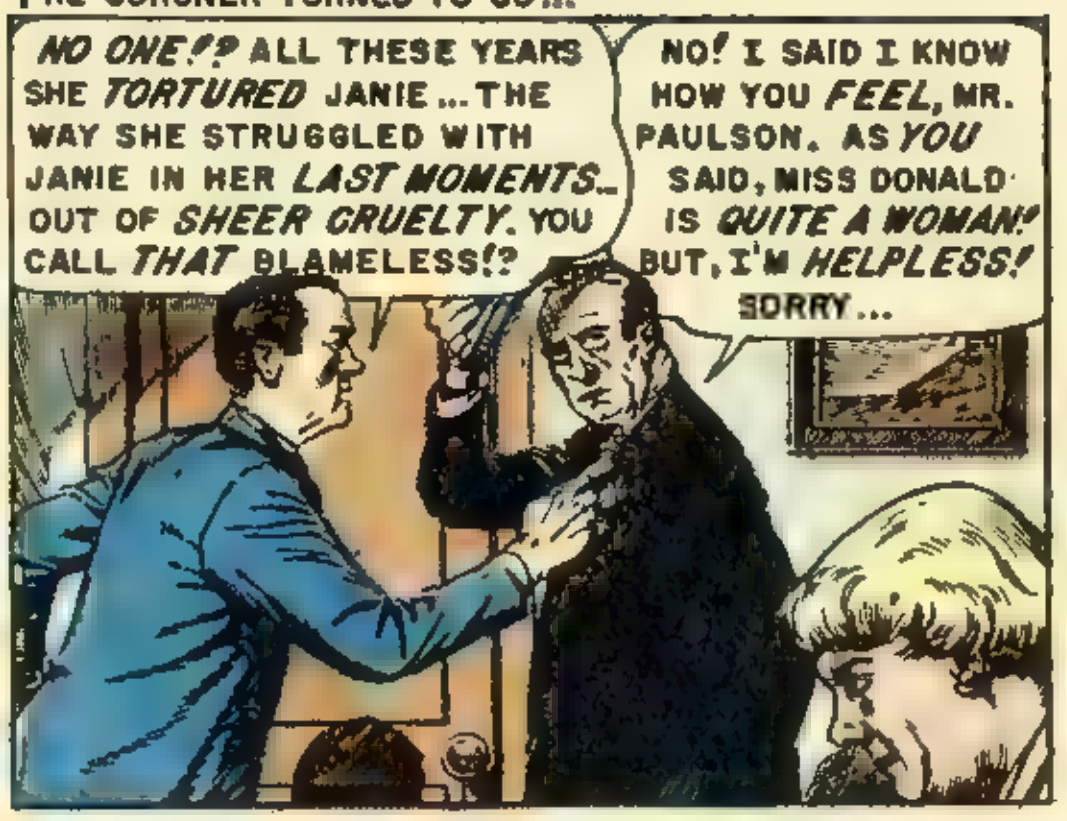
JANE!

CHOKE..

MARTIN PAULSON'S VOICE DIED AWAY. THERE WAS NO MORE TO TELL. HE FELT EMPTY...DRAINED. BUT HE COULD STILL HATE...


THAT'S HOW IT *HAPPENED!* JANIE DIED FROM A *HEART ATTACK, YES!* BUT IT WASN'T A *NATURAL* DEATH! IT WAS *MURDER!*
I'M *AFRAID NOT*, MR. PAULSON. I CAN UNDERSTAND HOW YOU FEEL, BUT ACTUALLY NO ONE CAN BE *BLAMED!*

THE CORONER TURNED TO GO...


NO ONE!? ALL THESE YEARS SHE *TORTURED* JANIE...THE WAY SHE STRUGGLED WITH JANIE IN HER *LAST MOMENTS*... OUT OF *SHEER CRUELTY*. YOU CALL *THAT* BLAMELESS!?
NO! I SAID I KNOW HOW YOU *FEEL*, MR. PAULSON. AS *YOU* SAID, MISS DONALD IS *QUITE A WOMAN!* BUT, I'M *HELPLESS!* SORRY...

THE CORONER WALKED OUT, WITH HIS CONTEMPT FOR AGATHA ETCHED IN HIS FACE. BUT AGATHA DID NOT SEEM TO NOTICE. SHE STOOD THERE, STIFFLY...CALMLY. MARTIN STARTED TO LEAVE...

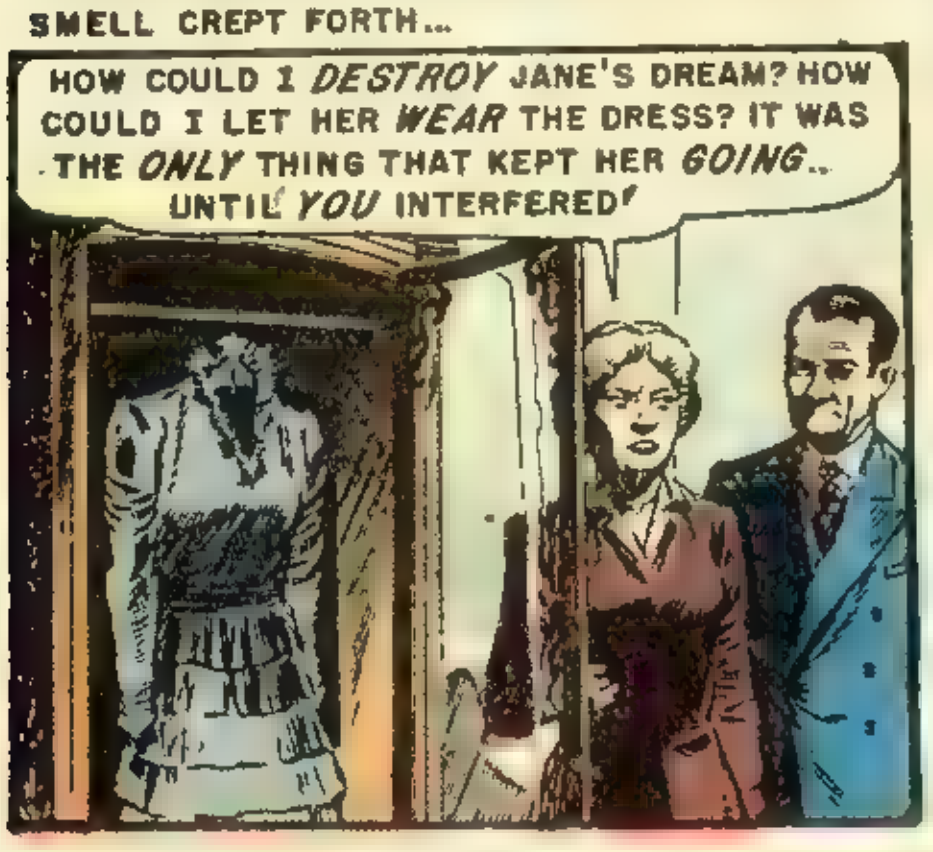
AGATHA MOVED TO THE CASE CONTAINING THE DRESS...

MY NIECE WAS *SICKLY*. SHE LIVED ON THE EDGE OF *DEATH*, AND THOSE WHO LIVE ON THE EDGE OF DEATH NEED A *REASON* FOR LIVING...SOMETHING TO LIVE *FOR!* THIS *DRESS* WAS *JANE'S REASON!*

IT WAS SUCH AN OBVIOUS LIE. MARTIN'S LIPS CURLED IN A SNEER. WHEN HE SPOKE, HE ALMOST SPAT THE WORDS...

OF COURSE! YOU WERE BEING *KIND* TO HER, WEREN'T YOU? KEEPING HER *ALIVE!* YOU *LIAR!* IF THAT WAS *SO*, WHY DIDN'T YOU LET HER *WEAR* THE DRESS?

AGATHA OPENED THE GLASS CASE. A MUSTY SMELL CREPT FORTH...


HOW COULD I *DESTROY* JANE'S DREAM? HOW COULD I LET HER *WEAR* THE DRESS? IT WAS THE *ONLY* THING THAT KEPT HER *GOING*.. UNTIL *YOU* INTERFERED!

AGATHA DONALD REACHED OUT AND TOUCHED THE PALE MAUVE SATIN...AND THE SATIN WAS OLD...SO OLD... SO ROTTEN. IT SHREDDED AND RAN...LIKE DUST...

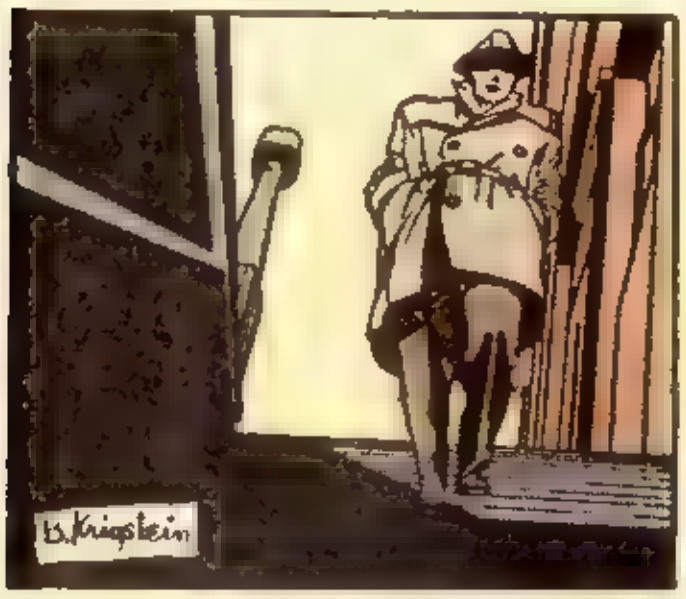
THE MEREST *TOUCH* WOULD HAVE *DESTROYED IT! SEE?* BUT JANE NEVER *KNEW* THAT! SHE WENT ON *LIVING*... AND *HOPING!* WHO WOULD *YOU* SAY KILLED MY NIECE, MR. PAULSON?
GOOD LORD!

MARTIN PAULSON PALED. HE TRIED TO CLEAR THE LUMP THAT HAD COME UP IN HIS THROAT. BUT IT DIDN'T GO AWAY. IT NEVER WOULD!

-THE END-

MASTER-RACE

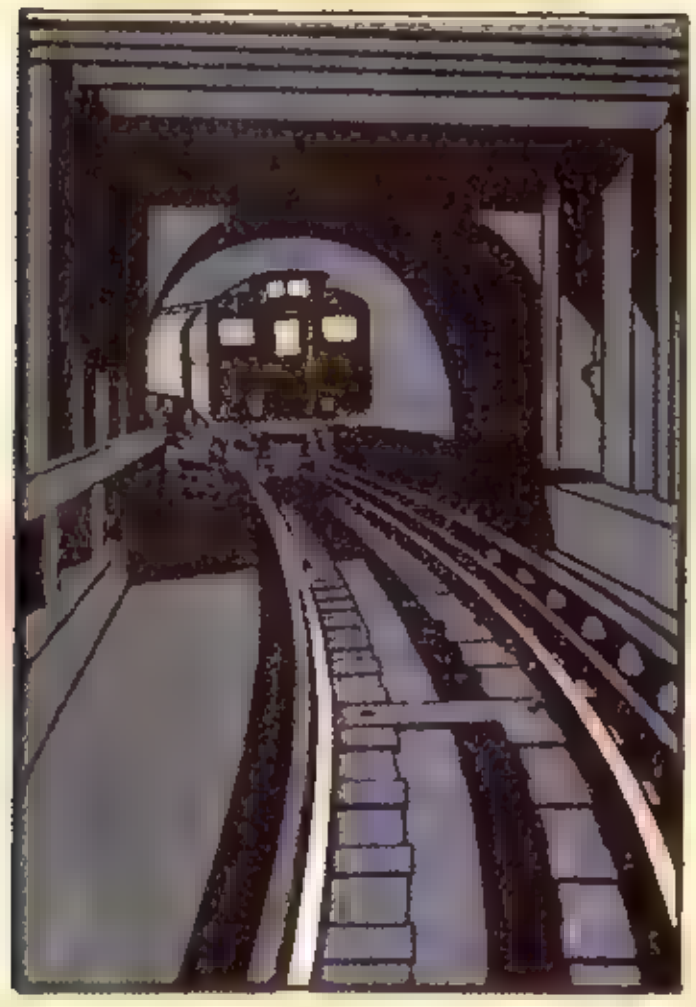
YOU CAN *NEVER FORGET*, CAN YOU, CARL REISSMAN? EVEN *HERE*...IN *AMERICA*...TEN YEARS AND THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY FROM YOUR NATIVE GERMANY...YOU CAN NEVER FORGET THOSE *BLOODY WAR YEARS*. THOSE MEMORIES WILL HAUNT YOU FOREVER...AS EVEN NOW THEY HAUNT YOU WHILE YOU DESCEND THE SUBWAY STAIRS INTO THE QUIET SEMI-DARKNESS...



YOUR ACCENT IS STILL THICK ALTHOUGH YOU HAVE MASTERED THE LANGUAGE OF YOUR NEW COUNTRY THAT TOOK YOU IN WITH OPEN ARMS WHEN YOU FINALLY ESCAPED FROM BELSEN CONCENTRATION CAMP. YOU SLIDE THE BILL UNDER THE BARRED CHANGE-BOOTH WINDOW...

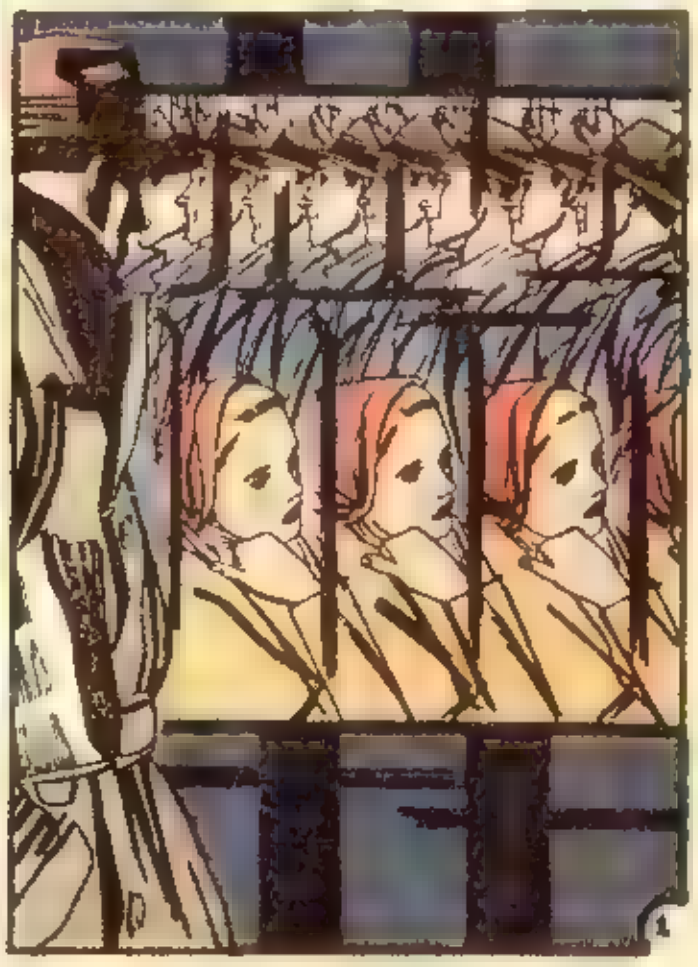
YOU MOVE TO THE BUSY CLICKING TURNSTILES...SLIP THE SHINY TOKEN INTO THE THIN SLOT...AND PUSH THROUGH...

THE TRAIN ROARS OUT OF THE BLACK CAVERN, SHATTERING THE SILENCE OF THE ALMOST DESERTED STATION...



YOU STARE AT THE ONRUSHING STEEL MONSTER...

YOU BLINK AS THE FIRST CAR RUSHES BY AND ILLUMINATED WINDOWS FLASH IN AN EVER-SLOWING RHYTHM...

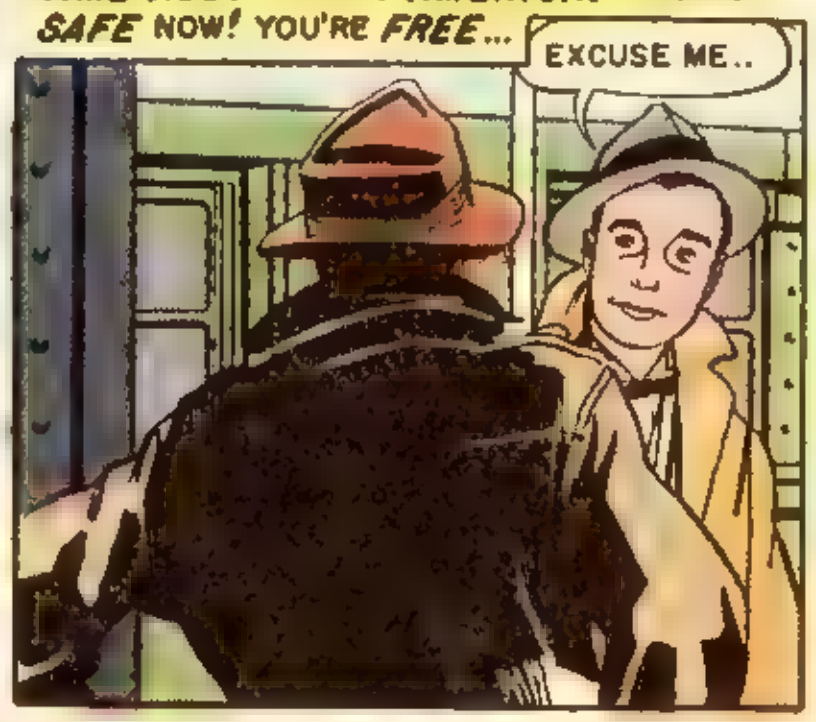


AND THE TRAIN GRINDS TO A HISSING STOP...

THE DOORS SLAM SHUT. THE TRAIN LURCHES AND ROLLS AHEAD, THUNDERING OUT OF THE STATION AND BACK INTO THE BLACK CHASMS TUNNELING BENEATH THE CITY. YOU UNFOLD YOUR PAPER...

THE TRAIN GROANS INTO ANOTHER STATION AND JERKS TO A STOP. THE DOORS HUM WIDE. YOU LOOK DOWN AT YOUR PAPER, ONLY *SENSING* PEOPLE GETTING OFF..

YOU MOVE TO THE DOOR AS IT SLIDES OPEN. A PASSENGER EMERGES AND YOU FEEL HIS EYES UPON YOU AND YOU SHUDDER. WHY ARE YOU FRIGHTENED, CARL? THAT WAS A *LONG TIME AGO!* THIS IS *AMERICA*. YOU'RE *SAFE* NOW! YOU'RE *FREE*...



YOU TRY TO READ, BUT THE WORDS ARE MEANINGLESS. NOTHING HAS MEANING ANY MORE... NOTHING BUT THE SICKENING SENSATION THAT HAS PLAGUED YOU FOR OVER TEN LONG YEARS. THE CONCENTRATION CAMP HAS LEFT ITS MARK UPON YOU, HASN'T IT, CARL REISSMAN?

...SOMEONE GETTING ON...

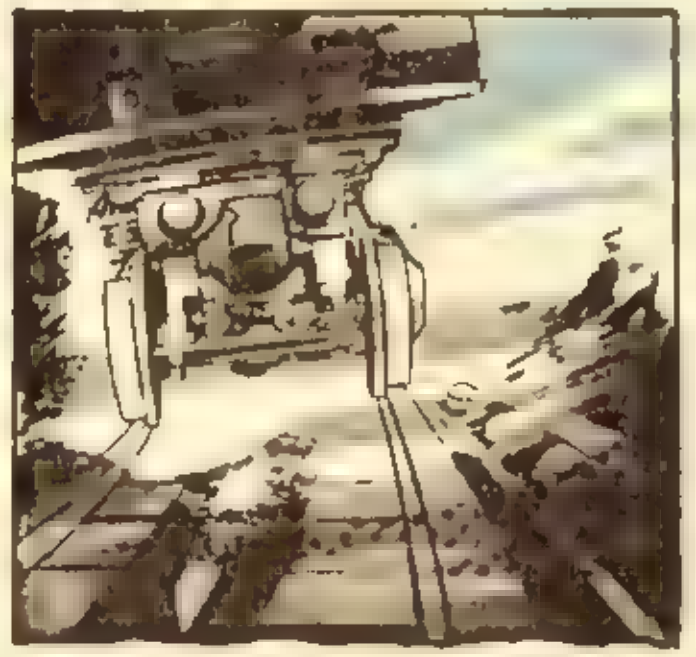
BUT YOU *ARE* AFRAID, *AREN'T* YOU, CARL? YOU'LL *ALWAYS* BE AFRAID. YOU'LL *KEEP REMEMBERING*... REMEMBERING THE *HORROR*... THE *HATE*... THE *SUFFERING*... AND YOU'LL *STAY* AFRAID. YOU STEP INTO THE ALMOST-EMPTY CAR AND YOU SIGH INTO A SEAT..

YOU LOOK AROUND AT YOUR FELLOW PASSENGERS SITTING ALONE IN THEIR OWN LITTLE WORLDS OF FEAR. YOU STUDY THEIR FACES.. THEIR FEATURES... THEIR EYES... LOOKING... ALWAYS LOOKING. WHAT ARE YOU *LOOKING* FOR CARL? WHO *IS* IT YOU'RE *AFRAID* OF?

AND THEN...DOWN DEEP INSIDE YOU.. YOU FEEL THE CHILL.. THE COLD CHILL ...THE CHILL OF DEATH. YOU STARE AT THE PAPER ON YOUR LAP, UNABLE TO RAISE YOUR EYES...AFRAID TO SEE WHAT YOU KNOW IS THERE. BUT, AFTER A FEW TERRORIZED MOMENTS, YOU CAN'T STAND IT! YOU *DO* LOOK UP! AND YOU *SEE* HIM...

HE SITS STIFFLY, READING HIS PAPER, NOT LOOKING AT YOU, NOT NOTICING YOU. BUT *YOU'VE* SEEN *HIM*, CARL! YOU'VE SEEN HIS *FACE*... THE ONE YOU *KNEW* SOMEDAY YOU'D SEE AGAIN... THE FACE YOU'VE BEEN *AFRAID* TO SEE FOR *TEN LONG YEARS*. YOUR MOUTH TWITCHES. YOUR HANDS OPEN AND CLOSE, WET WITH PERSPIRATION .

THE TRAIN SCREAMS AROUND A CURVE IN ITS SUBTERRANIAN ROUTE ..AND THE SCREAM IS SHRILL AND SHARP... SETTING YOUR TEETH ON EDGE... REACHING BACK INTO THE PAST ..



...TO ANOTHER SHRILL SCREAM... THE SCREAM OF A LITTLE MAN WITH WILD EYES AND BLACK HAIR AND A SMALL BLACK MOUSTACHE...

REMEMBER, CARL? REMEMBER THE LITTLE MAN IN THE UNIFORM WHO STOOD FIRST BEFORE SMALL GROUPS... THEN BEFORE CROWDS... AND FINALLY BEFORE MULTITUDES... AND SCREAMED AND SCREAMED THEM INTO AN HYSTERICAL MISSION OF WORLD CONQUEST. *YOU* WERE THERE... IN ONE OF THOSE CROWDS. REMEMBER?

AND WHEN THE LITTLE MAN HAD STOPPED SCREAMING AND THE CROWD HAD DISPERSED, REMEMBER THE SICKENING FEELING YOU HAD... THE REVULSION AND NAUSEA YOU FELT AS YOU TRUDGED HOME?...

THERE WERE *OTHERS* LIKE YOU, CARL..

...*OTHERS* WHO WERE *SICK* AND *REVOLTED* AND *NAUSEATED* AT THE SCREAMING PROPOSALS OF THIS LITTLE MAN. BUT *THEY* COULDN'T STOP THE TIDE, *COULD* THEY, CARL? *THEY* COULDN'T STEM THE FLOW OF HATE THAT POURED THROUGH THE STREETS WITH CLUBS AND GUNS AND THE ECHOES OF THE LITTLE MAN'S SCREAMS URGING IT ON...

NO ONE COULD STOP THE BOOKS FROM BEING BURNED..

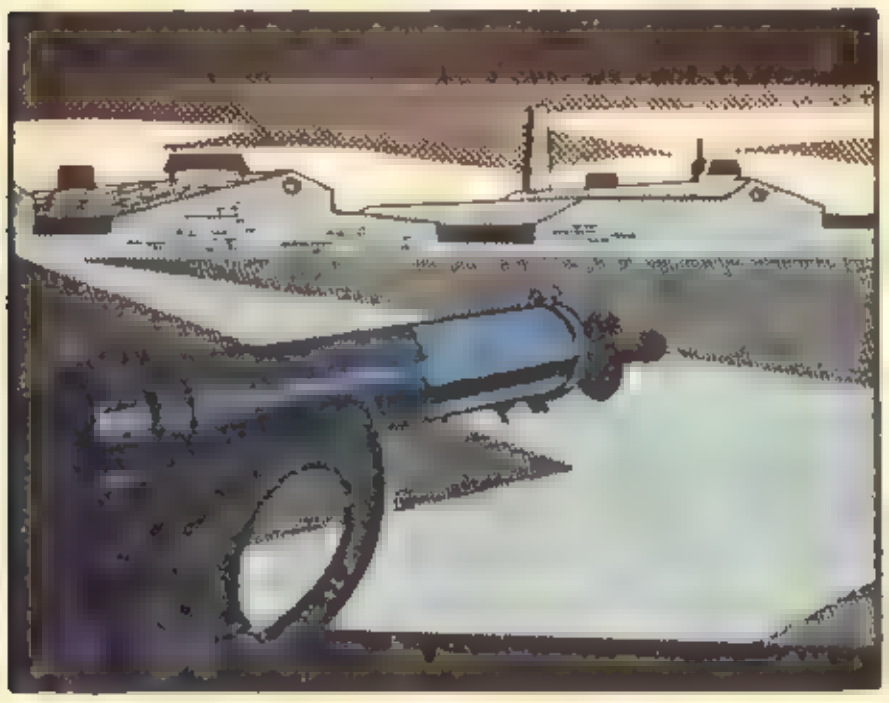
...OR THE SHOP WINDOWS FROM BEING SMASHED AND THEIR CONTENTS RANSACKED...

...OR THE SANCTITY OF HOMES FROM BEING VIOLATED...

IT WAS A MADNESS... A WAVE THAT SWEPT THROUGH YOUR HOMELAND LIKE A PLAGUE... A TIDAL WAVE OF FRENZIED HATE-FEARS AND BLOOD-LETTING AND EXPLODING VIOLENCE... A WILD UNCONTROLLED WAVE THAT SWEPT YOU AND YOUR KIND ALONG WITH IT...

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, CARL? WHEN WERE YOU CAUGHT UP IN THIS TIDE? WHEN DID YOU FIRST SEE BELSEN CONCENTRATION CAMP AND THE HUMAN MISERY THAT SOBBED WITHIN ITS BARBED-WIRE WALLS?...

DO YOU REMEMBER, CARL? DO YOU REMEMBER THE AWFUL SMELL OF THE GAS CHAMBERS THAT HOURLY ANNIHILATED HUNDREDS AND HUNDREDS OF YOUR COUNTRYMEN?...



DO YOU REMEMBER THE STINKING ODOR OF HUMAN FLESH BURNING IN THE OVENS... MEN'S... WOMEN'S... CHILDREN'S... PEOPLE YOU ONCE KNEW AND TALKED TO AND DRANK BEER WITH?...

DO YOU REMEMBER THE UNMERCIFUL TORTURES...THE SCREAMS IN THE NIGHT...THE PITIFUL WAILING OF THE DOOMED? DO YOU REMEMBER THE MAD EXPERIMENTS WITH HUMAN GUINEA PIGS...THE WANTON WASTE OF HUMAN LIFE?...

...THE BULBS THAT BURNED IN LAMPS ON DESKS IN THE CONCENTRATION CAMP OFFICES...GLOWING THROUGH THEIR HUMAN-SKIN-SHADES?...

LOOK, CARL! LOOK AT THE FACE OF THIS MAN SITTING ACROSS FROM YOU IN THIS NOW DESERTED SUBWAY CAR! LOOK...AND REMEMBER! REMEMBER THE GUARDS THAT GLEEFULLY CARRIED OUT THE SADISTIC ORDERS OF THE MASTER RACE...WHIPPING...KICKING..., BEATING!..., THE GUARDS THAT EAGERLY DRAGGED THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN TO THE WAITING, SMOKING OVENS!...

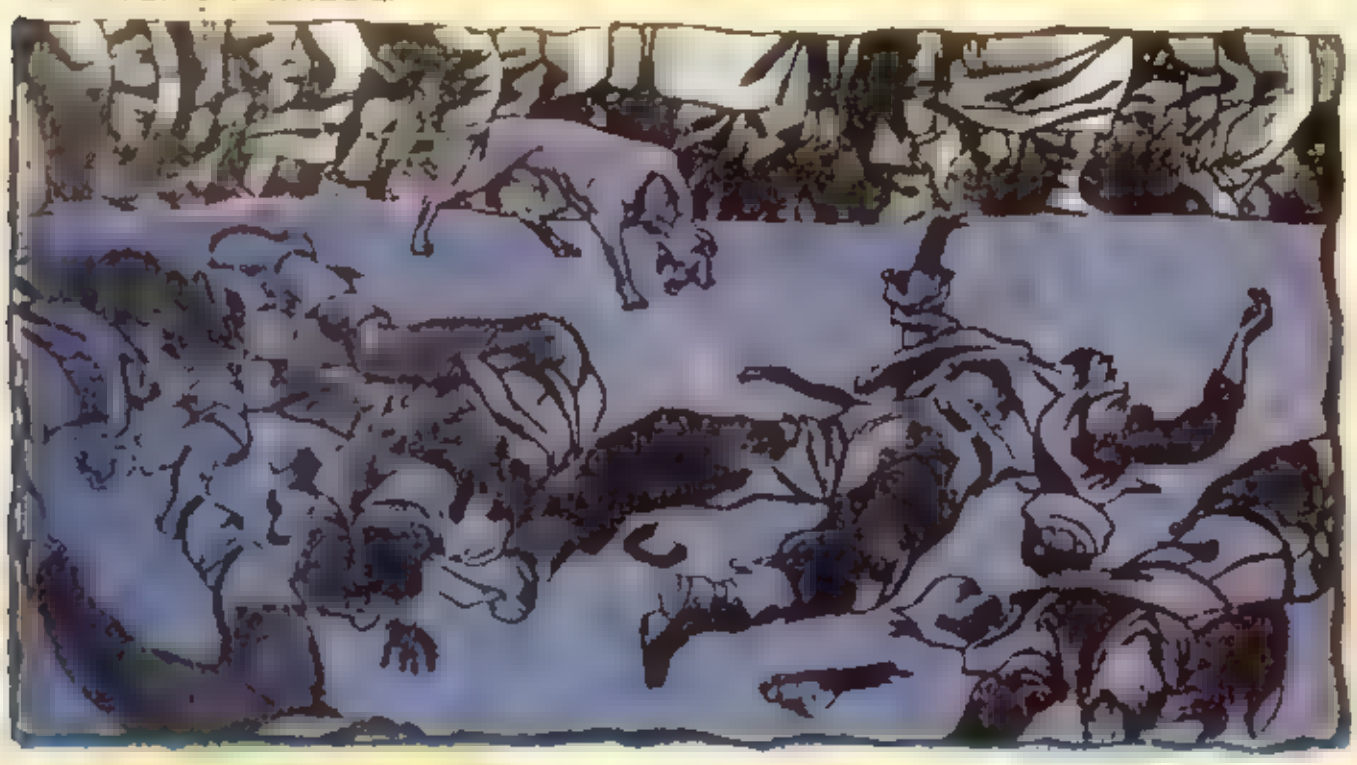
REMEMBER THE GUARDS THAT PUSHED AND SHOVED...HEAPING THE HELPLESS CAMP INMATES INTO THE FRESH DUG MASS GRAVES...

...LAUGHING WILDLY AS THEY BURIED THEIR VICTIMS ALIVE ..SHOVELING THE DIRT DOWN UPON THEM, MUFFLING THEIR PATHETIC SCREAMS ...MUFFLING THEIR PATHETIC LIVES!...

LOOK AT THIS MAN AND REMEMBER, CARL! REMEMBER HIS FACE... THE LOOK THAT CAME INTO HIS EYES WHEN THE NEWS CAME THAT THE RUSSIANS WERE ONLY A FEW KILOMETERS AWAY! IT WAS OVER FOR YOU, THEN, CARL! THE KILLING AND MAIMING AND TORTURING WAS SUDDENLY OVER FOR YOU!

AND YET IT *WASN'T* OVER, BECAUSE HE LOOKED AT YOU AND *SWORE*...

AND THEN YOU WERE *FREE*... RUNNING *PELL-MELL ACROSS EUROPE*, HIDING YOUR *CLOTHES*, LOSING YOURSELF IN AMONG THE STREAMS OF REFUGEES THAT CHOKED THE ROADS AND HIGHWAYS BEFORE THE ADVANCING ALLIED ARMIES...



AND YET YOU *WEREN'T* FREE, CARL! EVEN THOUGH YOU SOMEHOW *GOT* TO AMERICA, YOU *NEVER FORGOT!* YOU NEVER FORGOT HIS *PROMISE!* SO YOU CARRIED THE FEAR *WITH* YOU FOR *TEN YEARS* AND *NOW* IT'S *CAUGHT UP* WITH YOU! HE'S *THERE*... SITTING *OPPOSITE* YOU... FEELING YOUR FRIGHTENED STARING EYES UPON HIM...

AND NOW HE'S *LOOKING* AT YOU. HE'S LOOKING AT YOUR *HAIR*... AT YOUR *LIPS*... YOUR *NOSE*... DEEP INTO YOUR *FRIGHTENED EYES*. AND A SPARK OF *FAR-AWAY, LONG-AGO RECOGNITION* IGNITES HIS FACE...

HE RISES SLOWLY, HIS MOUTH SET IN A GRIM TAUT LINE. HIS EYES CLOUD WITH HATE, HIS FISTS CLENCH...

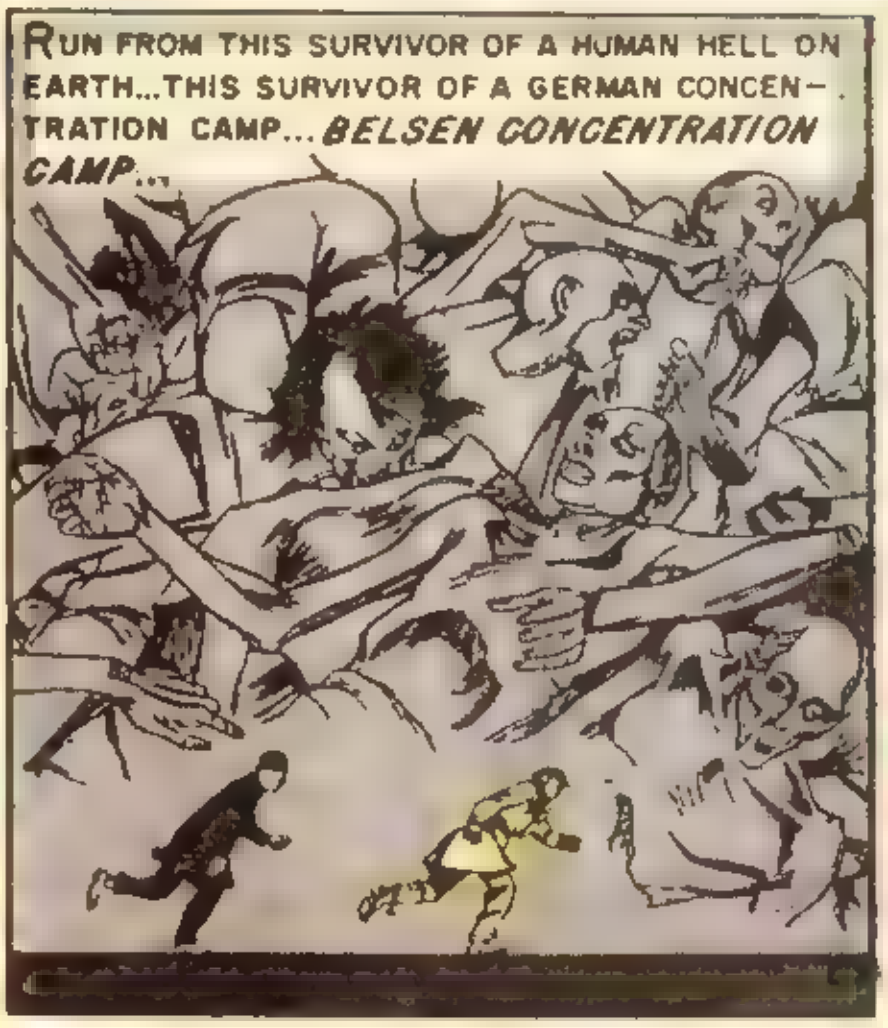
THE TRAIN GRINDS TO A STOP. THE DOORS SLIDE OPEN. HE'S COMING *TOWARD* YOU, CARL! *RUN! THIS IS YOUR CHANCE! RUN!...*

RUN... AS YOU *RAN FROM BELSEN*, CARL! *RUN*... AS YOU *RAN ACROSS EUROPE*, FLEEING THE LIBERATING ALLIED ARMIES! RUN, *NOW*, CARL... AS YOU *REFUSED* TO RUN WHEN THAT *MAD WAVE SWEPT OVER GERMANY... SWEEPING YOU ALONG IN ITS BLOODY WAKE!...*

RUN DOWN THE LONG, EMPTY, DESERTED STATION PLATFORM, CARL! *RUN FROM THIS PERSONIFICATION OF THE MILLIONS OF YOUR COUNTRYMEN* WHO *COULDN'T* RIDE THE TIDE *YOU* CHOSE TO RIDE... WHO WERE *CAUGHT* IN ITS *UNDERTOW*...

...WHO WERE *PERSECUTED* AND *JAILED* AND *BURNED IN OVENS* AND *GASSED* AND *BURIED ALIVE* IN MASS GRAVES...

RUN FROM THIS SURVIVOR OF A HUMAN HELL ON EARTH... THIS SURVIVOR OF A GERMAN CONCENTRATION CAMP... *BELSEN CONCENTRATION CAMP*...



WHAT HAPPENED?
I DON'T KNOW! HE GOT OUT AHEAD OF ME AND BEGAN TO RUN!
HE RAN UP THE PLATFORM AND THEN JUMPED UNDER THE WHEELS OF THE TRAIN COMING IN THE OTHER WAY...
EVER SEE HIM BEFORE?
NO! HE...
HE WAS A PERFECT STRANGER...
THE END

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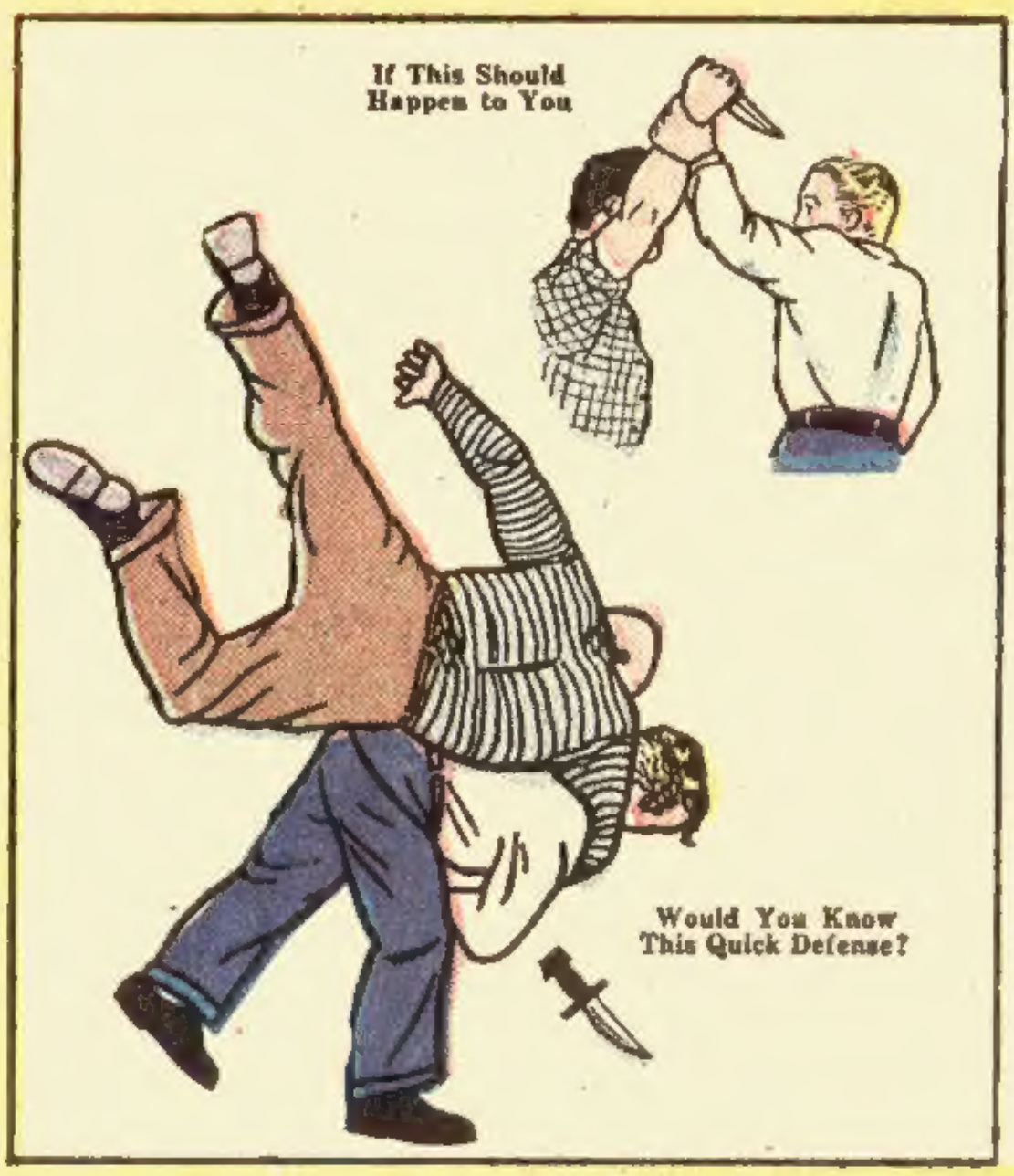

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Hypnotism
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Keys, Master
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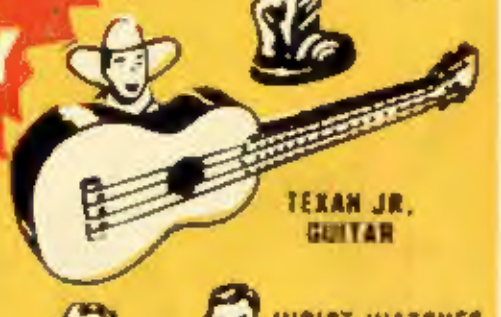

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